

San Francisco, January 3, 1901

THE PACIFIC



Volume L

Number 1

A New Year Prayer.

ALMIGHTY FATHER, we have entered on a new year. Prepare us, we beseech thee, for all that may be awaiting us. Fortify us in its very beginning with new resolves. Forbid, O Lord, that time should be drifting us nearer to eternity without witnessing our growing meetness for the better life. If spared through this year, may it be seen at its close that we have unlearned much error and evil, and learned much truth and goodness. May no burden come upon us that we shall not be able to bear. May no temptation assail us that we shall not be able to resist. Merciful Father, remember our weakness. May every trial that comes upon us be so attempered that we may be able to pass through it in the spirit proper to thy children.



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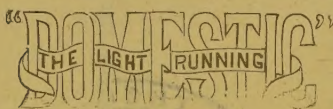
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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy."

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal.

Thursday, January 3, 1901

The Pacific in Its Fiftieth Year.

This week The Pacific enters its fiftieth year. It has had a long career of usefulness, and has shown its right to live as long as newspapers shall be needed on the earth. It is the oldest religious paper on the coast, the oldest paper of any kind in California, and next to the Oregonian of Portland, the oldest on the coast. The first paper published on the Pacific Coast was the Oregon Spectator, established February 5, 1846, at Oregon City. It was a semi-monthly and its publication was continued about ten years. The first weekly, known as the Oregon Free Press, was established in 1848. On the 7th of June, 1848, the Oregon American and Evangelical Unionist, a monthly, was first published on the Tualatin plains near Hillsboro by the Rev. J. S. Griffin. The first number of the Oregonian was issued on Wednesday, December 4, 1850. The first paper published in California was at Monterey in August, 1846. About three years later one was established in San Francisco. Neither of these papers is now in existence. The first number of The Pacific was issued August 1st, 1851. No paper published earlier than that date is in existence today in California, and none except the Portland Oregonian any place on the coast.

There is a certain proper pride that Congregationalists may have in the fact that their church paper is the oldest paper in California. It is significant. It emphasizes the value of the church of Christ. The church goes where men and women go, because the church is needed by them, and it is enduring, as are also those things which grow out of it and minister to its life, such as the religious press.

Secular and political papers had multiplied rapidly in California from the time the first one began publication at Monterey, and in 1851 every town of any importance had its

weekly, and in the cities there were at least ten dailies in existence. In the introductory editorial in the first number of The Pacific it was said: "To wait longer for an opportunity were a shame. The field is wide open. The need of our influence in this channel is most pressing. If our paper can ever do service it is now. We feel that the religious community demands the prosecution of the enterprise."

From that day to this The Pacific has been a great power for good. It has helped largely in making Pacific Coast Congregationalism what it is today. It has entered into much that is good and enduring all along the coast. It was among the foremost in building up that sentiment which kept California true to the union in the beginning of our Civil War. Only the years of eternity will reveal all the good that has been accomplished by it during these forty-nine years of its existence.

But its best years of service lie before it. The Pacific Coast will ere long be in very truth the front door of the continent. Before the middle of the present century the Pacific ocean commerce will build up cities as great as those that now take supremacy on the Atlantic Coast. Our hills and valleys will become thickly populated, and in and out of the Golden Gate will steam a traffic of gigantic proportions in comparison with that of today. To the north of us, along by the Columbia and on Puget Sound, the great inland sea, there will be important rivals of the great city San Francisco bay. Los Angeles in the meantime will have so widened her borders that her suburban inhabitants to the westward will live hard by the sea. Then shall be the time of The Pacific's greater usefulness. In those days it will lead to the best things, not only in the lives of our own people, but in and through them its influence will go out over the ocean in far reaches of good. All honor to those heroic souls who started it on its

journey adown the last half of the nineteenth century! An honor to those who toiled and sacrificed for it in years gone by! May God inspire us of the present day, to whom it has come as a glorious heritage, to give it good speed for the work of the coming years!

The Church in the Beginning of the Twentieth Century.

In the beginning of the Twentieth century the Church of Christ has reason to thank God and take courage. At no past period in the world's history has the Christ held so transcendent a place in the minds and hearts of men as today. The intelligence of the dominant peoples of the earth find in him and in his teachings the principles which they believe are to solve all the great problems of human life and society. An hundred years ago the situation throughout Christendom was quite different from what it is today. It was not possible to see then, as it is now, that the Christian religion is soon to leaven the whole world. With the opening of the nineteenth century foreign missionary work was in its incipency. Then, the expenditures were about \$125,000 annually; now, they are, according to the statistics prepared for the Ecumenical Conference, \$17,161,092, and the communicants in foreign lands have increased from a few score to more than a million and a half.

As we cross the threshold of the new century men and women are moving forward as heroically as ever for the evangelization of the world. Martyrdom in China has by no means cooled the ardor of the soldiers of the Cross. Though death threatens there still, great numbers are standing at their posts and others are going to take the places of those who have fallen. Plainly, "the world for Christ" is the motto of the Christian church of the twentieth century.

Turning the thought toward life as it is in its every aspect in Christian lands, we find that the Christian religion has been all along through the nineteenth century weaving itself into the web of life with an ever-widening woof. There is more Christianity in business life and in civic than there was a few decades ago. Labor is accorded better treatment by

capital than formerly, and the idea of brotherhood rules in more lives than ever before. Slowly, but surely, the world is being transformed, conformed unto that which is divine.

Here and there, it is true, in our own land there are persons who take a gloomy view, and hold that the church of Christ is showing here no advancement. From time to time, we are told that conversions are few. But what do the figures show? Going back to the early part of the nineteenth century, it is found that only one person out of every fourteen of the population was a communicant. Now, in the beginning of the twentieth century one out of every three is so enrolled. In a population of 76,000,000, 26,971,933 are communicants. Counting the Christian children in the Sunday-schools and the Christian young people in the Christian Endeavor societies who are not enrolled as church members, and the proportion is much better. But what about the increase during recent years? asks some one of a pessimistic turn. It is fair that a period of at least ten years be taken if we are to arrive at any just estimate. And certainly the figures of the last decade give no reason for discouragement. The growth of the church during that period, from 1890 to 1900, was thirty-four per cent, while the growth of the population was but twenty-one per cent. In 1890 there were 20,612,806 church members. In 1900 there were 26,971,933. That all these are leading consistent Christian lives no one will claim. But the proportion of those who are doing so is as large as at any time in the history of the church.

Morals and Religion--Then and Now.

It requires only a study of the history of the closing years of the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth to convince any enquiring candid person that the moral and religious condition of our country has had marked improvement during the last hundred years. In 1798 the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church said in a pastoral letter: "We perceive with pain and fearful apprehension a general dereliction of religious principle and practice among our fellow-citizens, a visible and prevailing impiety and contempt for the laws and the institutions of religion, and

an abounding infidelity which, in many instances, tends to atheism itself. The profligacy and corruption of the public morals have advanced with a progress proportioned to our declension in religion. Profaneness, pride, luxury, injustice, intemperance, lewdness, and every species of debauchery and loose indulgence greatly abound."

In 1794 the Rev. Devereux Jarratt, a distinguished clergyman in the Episcopal church of Virginia, said: "The state of religion is gloomy and distressing; the Church of Christ seems to be sunk very low." For four years from 1796 many Presbyterian churches observed every three months a day of fasting and prayer because of the deplorable condition. And in March, 1796, the Methodist Episcopal churches observed a general day of fasting and prayer for the same reason. Throughout New England, at an earlier period, there had begun a strong downward tendency, which was temporarily checked by the revival under Jonathan Edwards, but soon there was a general reaction in morals and everywhere at the close of the eighteenth century there was much to deplore.

The revival which began in the churches in some parts of the country in 1799 and continued to 1803 greatly changed the conditions. Most of the time for twenty-five years the revival interest continued, and there came into existence during those years many of those great evangelizing agencies which have been the glory of the latter part of the century just closed. Nevertheless, there was everywhere prevalent a low state of morals, and much irreligion. A Congregational missionary reported from Detroit in 1801, that the only Christian to be found in that region was a black man, and in 1804 no minister in Detroit could get any adults out to hear him preach. Another missionary wrote from Illinois in 1804: "The bulk of the people are given up to wickedness of every kind." In 1813 Samuel J. Mills spent a Sunday in a Kentucky town of twenty-five hundred inhabitants and failed to get a single person to come out to hear him preach. In 1817 a missionary visited the town of Shawnee on the Wabash and could not find among its three hundred inhabitants one person who made any pretensions to reli-

gion. "Their shocking profaneness," he said, "was enough to make one afraid to walk the streets, and those who on the Sabbath were not fighting and drinking at the taverns and grog shops were either hunting in the woods or trading behind their counters."

Today a majority of the students in our colleges and universities are professing Christians. But one who was a student at Princeton in the last decade of the eighteenth century has said: "When I was a member of the college there were but two professors of religion among the students, and not more than five or six who scrupled to use profane language in common conversation; and sometimes it was of a very shocking kind. The president of the college used to complain greatly of the mischievous and fatal effects which the prevalent infidelity had on the minds of the pupils."

Not long ago a minister on the Pacific coast appeared in his pulpit under the influence of liquor. He didn't appear there again, but quietly took departure speedily for another part of the country, and it is not likely that he will ever stand in the pulpit again. But only a little more than a hundred years ago ordinations were times of festivity and copious liquor drinking, and it is a matter of history that not very far from the period of the Revolution several councils were held in one of the towns of Massachusetts by a people who were trying to get rid of a minister who was often the worse for liquor in the pulpit, and once at the communion table, but some of his brother ministers stood by him, and so his church had to endure him to his death.

In his book entitled "Christianity in the United States," the Rev. Dr. Dorchester gives in a sentence the condition, indicated in these historical statements, of our country at the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth: "The state of religion and morals was lower than at any other time in the nation's history, and thousands of minds were paralyzed by the fatal influence of infidelity."

The annual meeting of the Church Extension Society will be held in San Francisco the evening of the first Monday of February. Friends are asked to remember the date and to avoid conflicting engagements.

Notes.

Last year the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society was able to transfer from its business department \$7,500 to the missionary department. This could not have been done if a large number of Sunday-schools had not been loyal to the publications of the Society. Every Sunday-school taking their lesson helps and papers gets as good as can be had and helps in the Sunday-school missionary work.

Writing to the Rev. Dr. Willey recently, the Rev. Dr. E. G. Beckwith of Hawaii made mention of the fact that a short time before he had for the first time in forty-nine years been out of his pulpit because of sickness. Rejoicing over the prosperity of the old First church of San Francisco he said, "I wish I knew your pastor. I read everything I can find from him and wish for more." "The dear Third church, too," says Dr. Beckwith, "I bless God for its prosperity. I love it as one loves his first born." Concerning The Pacific, he says that he reads it with great interest.

The council called to give advice to the Market Street church of Oakland met in final session last Friday. The committee which was appointed at the first session to consult with the other churches and report the best course of procedure recommended that all talk of disbanding the church be abandoned, that an effort be made to raise in the churches hereabouts the sum of \$450 to meet the existing deficit in current expenses, that the church if necessary call on the Home Missionary Society for aid, that it raise what it can on the payment due to the Church Building Society and call on the Church Extension Society to aid it in securing the balance. The report was discussed for three hours and was then adopted by a vote of fourteen to nine. This plan for the continuance of the work was not considered the ideal one by the committee, but it was the only one possible for recommendation under all the circumstances.

The annual letter of the pastor of the First Congregational church of San Francisco to the people of his church is an encouraging one. It is a message in which all our Coast Congregationalism will be interested. With the welfare of such a church as the First is linked the welfare of many others. This pastoral letter makes statement of the fact that "the old First church is in a more hopeful and healthy condition than it has been for many years." "There are signs of the growth of a new church spirit, an *Espirit de*

corps, that a church must have if it is to do its best work. We are a family, and we are emphasizing the household idea more strongly. A church is not a mob, nor a town meeting, nor merely a reservoir to which every one who wants something can come and draw; it is a band of believers, bound together by their love for their Savior, and trying to help each other to live a Christlike life; and such we are more and more becoming. The past year has been a long step in this direction." One peculiarity of the past year that is noted is in the additions to membership. More men than women have been received, 38 out of 61 persons received being men. A large proportion of these are strong young men, and in various ways the church is already feeling the impulse of their faithfulness. The complete loyalty to the church of the Christian Endeavor Society is noted. Among the special noteworthy things on the part of this Society has been a cash contribution to each one of the Congregational benevolent societies. For the year 1900 the benevolent contributions of the church have amounted to \$17,749. During the last four years the benevolences have aggregated \$58,000, and the amount for current expenses has been about \$47,000, making a total of \$105,749 contributed by the church and congregation. Members of the First church and congregation are a part of the working force of all the great charities of San Francisco. It is becoming more and more evident to this church that its best location is right where it is. It is quite plain that there are no good reasons for considering any change of location in the near future. The pastor says in this connection: "We are prosecuting our work more successfully in our present location than are most of the churches that have moved out. The conditions are greatly changed from what they were four years ago, and we are gathering a constituency such as we would not be likely to get in any other location. The removal of Calvary church leaves us the only church in this part of the city. We have a valuable property, as fine an audience room as can be found anywhere on the continent, and a large population right about us. We are able in the next year or two to so arrange our finances that we can pay expenses from income for several years at least. The recent passage of the amendment to exempt churches from taxation will be of great relief to us."

The way to be ready for death is to be ready for duty. He who watches for duty does not need so much to watch against danger—the same watching does for both.

Concerning the Pacific.

To the Editor of the Pacific:

In reply to your request for something from me "concerning the past of the paper, and something as to its future":

The publication of *The Pacific* was commenced in the interest of Home Missions. By the use of the mail it could reach every part of the State, and in its correspondence bring together information that could not otherwise be obtained.

It depended on the miners for its support rather than on the churches, for there were then hardly a score of them, all told, of the Protestant faith, and but few of them had houses of worship.

It never had any funds behind it, but has lived the half-century through on the voluntary support given it by its friends, because its agency could not be dispensed with.

It has stood firmly for a sound Biblical theology. To make this certain, it is only necessary to say that Rev. J. A. Benton was editor-in-chief from the beginning, for more than forty years, and Rev. Dr. I. E. Dwinell was a constant correspondent.

It has been an outspoken and uncompromising advocate for purity in life and honesty in dealing, on the part of men in office, whether high or low.

It has been known as among the foremost in advocating education in all its departments.

It has given its influence to the utmost in favor of revivals of religion, and has sought persistently to promote a high standard of Christian living.

Its very existence for so many years is the best testimony to the value good people have placed upon it.

It has been continued at the expense of a good deal of money, and of a great deal of time and labor, for which there was no return, except in the good that was done.

Since, through many changes, it has fallen into the hands of the Congregationalists alone, it has become an indispensable bond of union and medium of communication among us. If other denominations with a closer organization than ours can get along without such an organ, *we* cannot. For that reason it is our duty to support *The Pacific* as our representative paper.

If it is our duty to maintain our denomination, it is our duty to maintain the religious paper which is essential to its progress. We endow professorships in seats of learning, and it is wisely done. But not one of them is so influential as the editorial chair of this paper, if it is provided with the means which it deserves. Why not endow that chair within this "fiftieth year"?

Christians in other States have treated their religious papers in this way; has not the time come for us to do the same? In the Eastern and Central States the papers have a constituency of millions of population. It is not yet so with us on this coast. And that is a sufficient reason why *The Pacific* has lived so long, and yet is not a rich paper.

As to the future, the opening opportunity is wide, and it only remains for our churches to enable the paper to meet that opportunity and fulfill its demands.

I believe they will. Yours,

S. H. Willey.

The Pacific in Bygone Days

BY REV. J. H. WARREN.

On his return from Los Angeles in the early summer of 1851. Rev. J. W. Dougless, with advice and assistance of Revs. T. D. Hunt, S. H. Willey and J. A. Benton, made arrangements to issue as early as possible the first religious newspaper on the Coast. The first number came out August 1, 1851. The second number contained a list of the Protestant churches in the State—thirty in all.

As this enterprise was ventured by the joint action of Congregationalists and New School Presbyterians there were but six churches out of the thirty that could be looked to for support, viz., the three Congregational churches in San Francisco, Sacramento and Nevada City; and three New School Presbyterian churches in San Jose, Marysville and San Francisco. With such a limited field, and population unsettled—uncertain—this forth-putting of faith and purpose to plant a religious paper in California of that day, was, to use current speech, "a record breaker"—with one promise; *The Pacific* has kept faith all these fifty years. "First pure, then peaceable." It was a brave challenge in those early days—a way that flamed a circle and stood the field of religion, education, Sabbath observance, temperance, Christian missions, clean politics, religious progress, good literature, loyalty to God, to character, to country. The record of the Pacific, in all it promised on that first day of August, 1851, down to date, is consistent, Christian. This is the testimony of one who has read its first and every issue for fifty years.

It may interest some to read a bit of history in connection with its early record. In 1852 a plot to divide the State and make the southern part of it a slave state, developed with some determination and strength. Then, as some declared, "chivalry had a bill of sale of California." The Pacific of February 20, 1852, with fine nerve, asked, "Shall a convention be held to strike out freedom from the constitution and insert slavery? It exposed

the scheme, fought it, until the Legislature closed its four months' session, and the plot was dead. There were two young hardware merchants in Sacramento in those days; both had the courage of their convictions.

In the face of "chivalry," so called—in other words, "pro-slavery champions"—they spoke out in meeting and arraigned the "peculiar institution." They were cautioned, threatened, something like a "rail" and decorations were something like a "vail" and decorations were suggested, if—

The Pacific praised them, although strangers to both. Six months or so, after the event of its endorsement of the patriotic, freedom-loving Americans had been penned, the writer, at the time in charge of the editorial and financial interests of the paper, called to see them. The recognition was instant, hearty. Mr. C. P. Huntington ordered six copies and Mark Hopkins four, to be sent to Sacramento and to Eastern friends; not for a year only were the subscriptions paid, but nearly a score of years. Time passed; the two young men became transportation kings and the editor a home missionary superintendent. The annual pass given him had on it "On account of the Pacific." From year to year, Mr. Hopkins was informed that the "pass" was accepted for the work of the Home Missionary Society and was not connected with The Pacific. Mark Hopkins smiled, but never wrote, as long as he lived, anything else on the annual pass, except the same endorsement, "On account of The Pacific." So, on this record alone, the "grand, noble, old Pacific," as its old-time servitor, "S. V.," always phrased it, proved an invaluable auxiliary in the building of churches and made many a wilderness place to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

The Congregational church at Nelson, British Columbia, was dedicated recently with only a small indebtedness resting upon it. The day of the dedication \$2,000 were needed to free it from indebtedness. Fourteen hundred were raised that day.

California has been a gold producing state for only a little more than half of the nineteenth century, but her record is, for that period, about \$1,500,000,000. The output for 1900 was about \$16,000,000. The estimate for the total mineral product for 1900 is \$30,000,000.

The Southern Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific has adopted a schedule for the year as follows: Zulu Mission, Africa—for Mrs. J. C. Dorward, \$200, for Ireland Home, \$160. Japan—Miss M. F. Denton, \$250, Doshisha Girls' School,

\$200. India—Scholarships in Miss Perkins' school, \$15 each, \$90. Micronesia—Kusaie, Miss L. E. Wilson, \$100. In the Young People's Department, \$100 for salary of a native teacher in the Doshisha, at Kyoto, Japan; also \$200 for Miss Mary Perkins of the Madura district, India, and six India scholarships in Miss Perkins' school at \$15 each. Also three scholarships of \$37.50 each for Brousa, Turkey. In the Children's Department, \$396 are scheduled for the salary of Mrs. T. A. Baldwin at Brousa, and \$100 for the Micronesia navy. These appropriations aggregate \$1,000 for the Woman's Department, \$502 for the Young People's, and \$496 for the Children's. The aim is to secure \$2,000 for the year for the regular work, and \$500 extra for Twentieth Century Fund.

It is the judgment of a prominent railroad man of the East who visited San Francisco recently that this city is growing more rapidly now than any other city in the United States. The same man predicts that the next five years will show a more rapid development here than has been seen in any Western city. There is no doubt that the entire Pacific coast will have a remarkable development during the next decade or two. Recently one of the pioneers and successful business men of Denver, Colorado, took up residence in Seattle. And his word to that people is: "Seattle will at some not far-distant day rival New York." But lest those people to the north of us, in Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane and Portland, in their absorption in the effort to hasten that day forget that there is a flourishing city on San Francisco bay, let it go forth in these columns that the bank clearings in San Francisco exceed considerably the combined clearings of all the clearing-house cities this side of the Rocky mountains. For the single month of October they were for San Francisco, \$104,768,409; for Portland, \$12,042,343; for Tacoma, \$5,311,362; for Seattle, \$13,452,393; for Spokane, \$5,386,230. For the whole year in San Francisco the clearings aggregate more than a billion dollars; for Seattle, the city having the second highest, they were for eleven months \$120,705,709. It is also worthy of note that for the nine months of 1900, ending September 30th, San Francisco's exports footed up 52.7 per cent of all the Pacific coast ports, and that her imports were 80 per cent of the total coast imports. San Francisco's business for 1900 has been estimated at \$1,700,000,000 in volume.

The fact that a man is not punished for sins committed may only prove that he is a tare reserved for judgment.

The New Year.

BY CHAS. R. BROWN.

We have a way of wishing one another "A Happy New Year." We might indeed drop the first adjective, for it is a most gracious thing to wish one's friend "A New Year."

The mere fact that the clock struck twelve or the turning of a page in the almanac does not make a year new. We may have crossed one of those invisible boundaries that we arbitrarily set up; we may be a stage farther along in our movement through what we call time; but if the old habits, the old unworthy ideals, the old spirit of feebleness that marked the life, are all carried along, it is the same old year, no matter what the clock and the almanac say.

It all depends upon our personal attitude, then, and not upon the announcement of the timekeepers, as to whether we have any New Year at all or not. If there may come to every life the abandonment of such camp rubbish as hinders progress, the facing more squarely and directly toward the real object of existence, and the fresh, original start in a more determined march upon it, then the year will be indeed happily and thoroughly "new."

In John's vision of the ideal society in the city of God, he inserts in the midst of his description of pearly gates and golden streets these significant words: "Behold, I am making all things new." He says they issued from the mouth of God. That New Jerusalem to which all the tribes of good men and good women are to go up, is not to stand around them as a final and finished fact. Those redeemed lives will find themselves in a changing, progressive order where the Infinite One is more and more coming to the perfect realization of his thought for his consenting children. It will be a state of incessant and unending growth as he perpetually "makes all things new."

It could not be otherwise. The stagnation of even stainless innocence under faultless surroundings would become insupportable for finite creatures. The boundaries of their lives would be too near and the fixed enclosure too soon exhausted of interest. There must be unfolding, development, progress, to make it the Paradise of God. Thus John is true to the best psychology and to the most fundamental facts about human nature, in picturing redeemed men as standing within an order where its Author says boldly, "Behold, I am making all things new." The seer has the courage to believe that every year of the life eternal may be in the richest sense "A New Year."

The title of one of the most suggestive of Phillips Brooks' sermons is "Fresn Starts in Life." He brings before us the picture of

the old journeying Israelites who said at one stage of their march, "We have not passed this way heretofore." The very freshness of the opportunity summoned them to nobler thought and effort. They were inspired by the fresh chance for making both the year and the life new, whatever the date in the calendar may have been.

The custom of "swearing off" from certain useless habits on New Year's Day has become the veriest cant. It is too commonly done with the easy understanding that the first of February may see the old habits back in their accustomed places, all the bolder and more impudent in asserting their right to remain, because of the confessed inability of the life to get on without them. But if in more thoroughgoing fashion there was the honest effort to put off no mere detail of moral dress, but to put off the old man himself and to put on the new man after the method and spirit of Christ, then Omnipotent Grace would stand pledged to witness and reinforce this venture of faith. To wish a friend "A New Year" in this sense of making all time new by setting within its flow a new man would become the most profound and the most gracious sentiment that could be uttered on the first day of another twelve month.

The New Year, however, will not and ought not to come as something absolutely fresh and different, sustaining no connection with the old abandoned year. The principle of continuity holds here as in all the organic world. In the teaching of Jesus, "the man instructed in the kingdom of God was like unto a householder who brought forth from his treasures things new and old." And these things brought forth did not fall into two classes, but held together in one. The strength and vitality of the old found some new form of expression in the new, and the bright, fresh new additions to life were in reality the transformed and quickened possibilities latent in the old. Any true philosophy of history or of individual experience would be impossible if each epoch meant an absolute breaking away from all that went before. The orderly, systematic unfolding of human character would be destroyed if on the first day of January or on any other day, the old years were tossed aside and the life went forth with only such hasty furnishing as might be seized in a spasm of new resolves.

We find this principle of continuity observed in the one Perfect Life the world has seen. The Savior of men did not descend out of heaven full grown coming to us as a white-winged angel ready to usher in a new era. He was born a child as helpless and dependent as any babe in Palestine and from a noble ancestry which two evangelists are careful to

record. They would remind us that there were divine forces at work in their national history as far back as Abraham, making possible the coming of the Messiah. He was reared and trained by human hands and minds as well as by the over-brooding Spirit of the Father. He ate our bread, breathed our air, grew as we grow through time, food and exercise, increasing gradually in stature, in wisdom and in favor with God and men. He thus built himself organically into the common conditions of human existence. He voluntarily made himself debtor to all that was vital in the old order which he came to transform and replace.

He also bore up into the mature exercise of his powers in public ministry, the outdoor preferences, the habits of speech, the frank sympathy characteristic of the open-hearted people of Galilee. He was not marked by the ecclesiastical atmosphere of Judea and Jerusalem—all through his teaching we note the song of the birds, the growth of the flowers, the hopes and fears of the fishers on the lake. His life work carried him to Jerusalem and he was found in the Temple disputing with the doctors; he learned to bear the griefs and carry the sorrows that belong to crowded city life. All this work of patient ministry under changed conditions was new to him, who for thirty years had lived apart among the hills of Nazareth, but it called forth the stored-up strength, the joy and calm of the free, glad, out-door life of the earlier quiet years. In similar fashion the larger service and nobler usefulness which can make this year new for any one of us, must ever look back and claim all the worthy elements of the years that have gone before.

Therefore, the making of a real New Year by the introduction into it of a real new life, will be one more step in a gradual, orderly process. The true accomplishment of this high task will carry forward and utilize all the old material that can be built into its fine purpose. It will guard the incomplete goodness that waits for the fulfillment which time and grace alone can bring. The song of victory it will learn to sing before the throne that constantly judges all our work will be a new song, but a song that will have lost none of the old accents that have cheered and solaced the pilgrim toward perfection as he traversed the stretches that are past. In this richer sense, then, of making the year new by bringing the old to its further fulfillment, by summoning it to make larger expression of the eternal principles that lie embedded within its deeper self, we cannot speak more gracious, kindly or profound words than to wish our friends, one and all, "A New Year."

The Sabbath-school that runs in a groove runs into a grave.

Our Galilee.

REV. WILLIAM C. MERRILL.

"Behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him"; so reported the angel of the risen Lord. Over the gateway of the twentieth century, Richter wrote: "Here is the way to virtue and wisdom."

In the dawn of that twentieth century may we not well ask ourselves: "What of the poet's vision? Shall we find therein the fuller realization of the angel's promise?"

Surely, we must believe that in this wonderful nineteenth century movement, God has been opening the great heart of humanity to the incoming of a purer and sweeter enlightenment, a brighter and better day. In the century past, God's will has not been done very well, even in the spiritual and the moral, and so it is fair to assume that the material is not all it would have been had God been in all our thought. But he has been in some of it; has overruled much evil to our good.

All that seems to us progress will not endure. Nothing ought to endure that has not in it the vital force to work out a better, finer, stronger organism. We do not crave material wealth at the price of moral poverty.

But we do believe that in the product of this century's effort there is potential a future destined to eclipse all that has gone before. In the past the great attraction has been physical force and things. In the larger tomorrow, it is to be spiritual power and men.

This must be so because of the marvelous change that has been wrought in the realm of thought. The thought of the world today bristles with interrogation points.

Expectancy fills the air. New questions are being asked everywhere. The old answers do not answer. The attitude of the human mind has completely changed and so the view-point is very different. We do not look at questions with the same angle of vision as of yore. The truths are the same, but we sense them to different conclusions. On sociology we have greatly changed consensations. We have to meet vastly changed conditions. The masses have discovered in the new thought of the day fresh demands for growth, enlargement, development—in a word, progress. The world is progressing, say they; shall we sit still and stagnate, or shall the spirit of the age prove an open door, through which we, too, shall pass into broader fields of life-experience.

And if we say we will open this world-oyster for ourselves, who are the men, what the power, not to do the work for us, but to assure us that justice will be done and the right prevail?

And this demand is a ghost that will not down. It has risen with its accusing finger on a unjust and unrighteous past and it will confront the world with its finger of condemna-

tion and appeal until there is better promise that righteousness is to prevail.

In our gospel preaching we have greatly changed, at least, our method of presentation. The gospel sword is the same; but the same edge of the sword that clave through the helm of wrong in the past too often turns on the polished crest of the present.

Once it was deemed sufficient to salve men's wounds with the text that the sorrows of the present time are not worthy to be compared to the joy that is set before you. But the dust and squalor and vermin in which too many tenement owners house men in our great cities today we cannot much longer hide behind a promise of the shining glory of the gates of pearl and the streets of gold.

The Christian consciousness of the time is against it and against the man and the ministry that for one moment hesitates to expose the satanic sophistry of it. We are not much longer to blind men to the filth of the present by the light of a better world. Rather are we to open the windows of heaven and let stream down into these haunts of shame a flood of light that will reveal them to the honest hearts of earth in all their hideousness. And then the question will come, like volleying artillery, "What do you propose to do about it?" Something that men call religion may tell the down-trodden that there is another world where the wrongs of this one are to be righted. But the answer will be, "We do not propose to wait for it?"

And more, we have no use for a religion that asks that we shall wait for it. Moreover, we do not engage to accept a gospel that seeks to cover its failure in this world by specious promises for the world to come. He whom you call Lord and Master, let fall a few beautiful and most precious sentences about the house of many mansions; but his gospel is an evangel for this world also, and if it fail here, so far as I am concerned, it fails utterly and forever. And this assertion we have to meet.

We must indeed have a care that we do not make light of the glorious resurrection trend of the gospel; but we may well declare that Christ did not come to earth alone that he might people heaven, but that he might give this earth a redeemed humanity. We are to believe that the ultimate republic is the Republic of God. We are to preach and labor that "Vox populi, vox Dei," shall not forever be a living paradox upon the lips of men.

In the realm of dogmatism the new century is to see great changes perfected. Already the pendulum is swinging between Jehovah and Christ with a shortened sweep. Law and love will more and more reveal their complete identity. The new century will add yet greater emphasis to the fact of the "exceeding sinfulness of sin" and the stern necessity of redemption.

If we seem to graze mere theological hypotheses, it will be because we are terribly in earnest to strike incarnate sin and concrete injustice square blows and powerful. We need not fear that the legitimate dogmas will pass. They center in the Christ, and to him the world's heart was never so loyal as at this hour. Critical thought never saw so clearly as today the essential truth of our noblest creeds and that the Bible is "the only infallible rule of faith and practice."

That the entire form of the world's thought could change and the truth present just the same contour and complexion, were unlikely. But all our fears are groundless and our trepidation is but the weakness of our faith. Christ is not lost, nor his Galilee, so very far away. He is telling us some things today that he would gladly have said of old, had they been able to bear them. Possibly we are not able; and now, as then, there will be some offended who will go back and walk no more with him.

But the Christ will not delay his onward march because of them. They will not see his glory; not that it is not evident, but because he passes on and they refuse to follow. We need not fear for change, be it evolution or revolution. When the corrective of time shall have been applied, we shall see that the change has been but adaptation to environment. We look back today across a vast field of movement, but the change has been mostly of attitude and of phenomena. True, the firmament is not earth's brazen helmet, nor does the sun revolve about our planet; but the fundamental facts remain unchanged; the earth, the moon and the sun and the firmament exist and the facts of their perduring relationships remain unquestioned.

Methods of activity and modes of expression vary, but God, Scripture, Christ, remain as ever—the one our Creator, the others our infallible spiritual Guide and Savior. The student of the philosophy of history does not fear and for the student of the history of philosophy we may believe there are to be few surprises. There have been mighty changes, and yet no changes. The stars in their courses fought against Sisera and yet not one of them swerved from its appointed orbit or halted in its ordained journey.

That eternal system and unchanging sequence which is reflected in the ordered motion of the stars is ever on the side of the good and true. If we fear change, we either lack faith in God or we cling to the past, not merely that it is good and true, but that we have put our selfish life into it and we are too mean to make sacrifice thereof.

The springs of spiritual and intellectual activity do not wear out, nor do they lose their elasticity and rebound by action. If the past

is wonderful we may expect the future to be yet more astounding. Our prayer must be for strength to perfect mastery in the spiritual struggle; for wisdom to meet them who would hold shut the doors of progress; for faith to cherish the larger hope for a sorrowing humanity who look for the coming of their Lord in a millennium of peace and cheer and fraternal union. We may not seek to shake off the dust of earth, for there is work to do along life's well-worn highway. But experience has taught us that these stern trials do not harm us and in due season, we shall surely realize the promise: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up on wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

Lynn, Mass.

Sparks from the Anvil.

BY DR. JOHNS D. PARKER.

David says, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." In Europe the traveler sometimes sees a company of soldiers, with flashing arms and military dress, surrounding a sumptuous carriage, who suddenly appear on the street and then the pageant disappears as suddenly as it came, and he is told that royalty has passed by him. In a similar manner the believer has an invisible but royal escort. The Master says, "Take heed that ye dispise not one of these little ones (which believe in me); for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." The Great Shepherd goes before the believer, and his two daughters, Goodness and Mercy, follow after him. The blessings of God are multiplied to the believer until they are unnumbered. A few grains of sand may be unnoticed, but when we travel over the sandy plain we realize that the myriads of sand beneath our feet can not be numbered. A leaf, or a few leaves upon a branch of a tree may not be noticed; but how the mind is bewildered by the uncounted leaves of the forest. A single blade of grass may not be seen, but how the traveler is impressed by the countless blades of grass of the boundless prairie. A drop of rain falls from the cloud upon us unnoticed, but how we are stirred in our hearts when we remember that the limitless ocean is made up of drops. A single star twinkling in the sky does not move us, but how we are dazzled by the broad Milky Way, with its millions of suns as it sweeps around the heavens. So God pours his goodness and mercy upon his believing children in such floods as almost to overwhelm them. And the goodness and mercy of God shall follow them all the days of their lives. In the spring time they see

his goodness amidst the bursting of the buds and in the summer amidst the unfolding of the flowers; in the autumn in the golden fruits that bend down the branches of the trees, and in the winter how comfortable they are made as they muse around the fire. And David says these blessings come "surely." In the natural world how certainly come day and night, and the roll of the seasons. The tides come and go through all the ages. How regularly the stars go on their courses. Eclipses are so certain that they can be predicted long years ahead. The same God rules in the spiritual world, and goodness and mercy shall follow the believer as surely. Wherever the believer goes, when led by the Spirit, the heavenly escort follows him, and he is immortal on the earth until his work is done; and goodness shall follow him even all the days of his earthly life.

* * *

When astronomers observe a planet at one point in the heavens, and a few days afterward observe it at another point in the heavens, they naturally infer that the planet has traveled in its orbit, or been transferred from the first point to the second. When the Sabbath is observed to be placed on one secular day in one economy of grace, and on another secular day in another economy of grace, is it not natural to conclude that the institution has, in the Providence of God, been transferred from one secular day to another? Two Christians were talking about the Christian Sabbath, when one of them asked the other:

"Do you consider the Christian Sabbath an institution?"

"Yes."

"Is it a divine institution?"

"Yes."

"When did God institute it?"

The friend could not answer, for we have no record that God ever instituted but one Sabbath. No intelligent Christian can doubt that the Christian Sabbath is a divine institution. The risen Lord kept it, and did not observe the Jewish Sabbath. The apostles kept it, and the early Christians. Dr. Schaff says: "The universal and uncontradicted Sunday observance in the second century can be explained only by the fact that it had its roots in apostolic practice." The Holy Spirit is a divine witness; for twenty centuries the heavenly dew has fallen upon worshiping assemblies on the Lord's Day. It must be conceded that the Sabbath under all dispensations is identical, ordained at the creation of the world, formally promulgated in the Moral Law, transferred at the Resurrection, and made holy and glorious under both covenants. The transferred Sabbath is fast becoming the doctrine of the Christian Church.

The New Puritan.

PRES. JOHN HENRY BARROWS, D.D.

From the address by the President of Oberlin College, at the birthday banquet to General O. O. Howard.

The Christianity of the nineteenth century appears under various forms. We have known the evangelistic fervor of Finney and Moody, the missionary zeal of Livingstone, the philosophic sagacity of Mark Hopkins, the large-minded ethical idealism of Beecher and Phillips Brooks, the intellectual and ecclesiastical Christian type in Gladstone, the aggressive militancy of the champion in reform, Wendell Phillips, the generous philanthropy of Peter Cooper and George Peabody, and Mary Lyon's prayerful consecration to the intellectual uplifting of women. I think that in General Howard there is much of what seems best in many of these types, but I believe that he is not better described than under the title of "The New Puritan."

The old Puritan has been praised and blamed without stint. In spite of his hard, imperious, dictatorial spirit, the old Puritan doubtless deserves far more praise than censure. He who Macaulay and John Fiske have described as "the maker of a better England and a better America" deserves eternal honor, but I believe that the new Puritanism, blending sympathy with righteousness, is a nobler type of human character. The new Puritan not only reverberates the thunders of Sinai, but lays a hand of love and healing on every wounded heart. He believes as firmly as the old Puritan in the regnancy of moral truth, and the sovereignty of righteousness, the spiritual dignity of man and the priceless treasure of human freedom. He believes in prayer as "the highest act of the human intellect," but he is also radiant with that love which is greater than faith and more divine than wordy eloquence.

The new Puritan is not satisfied to hold a faith that is not expressed in works of humanity. It is said of John-Frederick Oberlin, the famous Alsatian pastor, that he would not permit the peasant boys and girls to come to the Holy Communion until they had furnished evidence of having planted at least two trees in their rock-strewn valley. General Howard believes that it is for us in America to plant and nourish trees of ampler shade and more enduring beneficence, the schools and colleges whose leaves and fruit are for the healing of the nation. Our General represents a Puritanism which is not cramped by old forms, but is radiant with that divine spirit which makes all things new. He would have been at home in the cabin of the Mayflower, and would have cared tenderly for the sick women and children; he would have been at home with Elder

Brewster in opening the Bible to the brave-hearted and winter-girdled exiles of Plymouth; he would have been at home with Miles Standish fighting unfriendly Indians, and with William Penn, the Peacemaker; he would have been at home with the Ironsides of Cromwell, both in the prayer-meeting and on the battlefield. But some of those that Cromwell put to death General Howard would have sent to school, for he has believed in light and love quite as much as in the claims of righteousness and the power of the sword.

This man has believed in the Church and made sacrifices for it; he has believed in and worked for young men, who are the hope of the nation. His pastor informs us that he was converted in a Methodist meeting, and that while his membership is with the Congregationalists, in the army he has associated chiefly with the Episcopalians. There has been nothing narrow or sectarian in his spirit. In him the Savior of man fulfilled a chief purpose of his advent: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Has he not glowed with radiant life? Has he not throbbed with energetic life, rushing in a hundred gracious currents of activity? How he has abounded with that noble life which uplifts the good as well as with that strenuous life which smites the wrong! If Lincoln struck off the fetters from the limbs of four million slaves, Howard has been a foremost leader in striking from the souls of greater millions the shackles of degrading ignorance. We know that "the bravest are the gentlest," and one may be brave without bluster, firm without obstinacy, fearless without impatience, discourtesy or unkindness.

I remember being present at a dinner-table in this city at which some laymen and ministers were criticising a public man, and General Howard said to them, "I know him well, and if you think that because he is patient, gentle, and courteous, he is not strong of will, firm in conviction and resolute in action, you are greatly mistaken." The critics were silenced, and the man praised was he whose name is first on the lips of Americans today, the President of the United States, William McKinley.

It is of the Christian activity of our honored guest that it is my delight to speak, and I believe that when our children have studied the lives of the supreme statesmen and soldiers of this great epoch, there will be left for them to read, and I doubt not it will be read for generations, the story of this Christian patriot who toiled for the better things which are the lasting strength and glory of nations. As after the siege of Leyden in Holland's conflict with Spain, came the nation's gift of a great University to that heroic city, so, after Gettysburg and Missionary Ridge and Atlanta

sprang up a bright cluster of universities linked with the name we honor tonight; and while I hope that America will yet place the equestrian statue of this soldier on that height of Gettysburg which he selected with wise strategy, a worthier monument will be the schools and colleges he has helped to build and the vast service he has rendered to a great race, nobly represented among us now, and abounding with immeasurable possibilities of good to our Western world.

What years of patient labor our soldier-citizen has given to the educational uplifting of men! The new Puritan, like the old, believes in the schoolhouse as well as the Church. He believes in the spelling-book and would write upon its front leaf, "In hoc signo vinces"; he believes in the printing-press, perhaps the greatest force in modern history, and would utilize it for the dissemination of good literature, knowing that he who reads rules, and that the open page of the Christian book is more beneficent than the battle-ax of the old Crusader. He believes in the Scriptures and the temperance pledge and the work of the Tract Society; he believes in the mission of the American Sunday-school Union, which has put the better things of life in the reach of thousands dwelling in lonely, far-off places.

Who can estimate what the Bible wrought in the Hoosier cabin for the soul of young Abraham Lincoln? It was the Sunday-school Union which reached with divine light an Iowa boy who is now the eloquent pastor of Plymouth church in Brooklyn. What has made America great has been a combination of intellectual, material and moral forces, and General Howard has worked for fundamental things, for elemental spiritual agencies. Daniel Webster said that the teaching of divine truth to the children had wrought more for our liberties than great statesmen or armed soldiers. This man's heart has been with the pioneers who have carried the gospel over mountain and prairie, and who on the foundation of the Christian Church, the Christian home, the Christian Sabbath and the Christian college, have reared the mighty fabric of our Western civilization.

What puts manhood into men? What feeds the fire of noble ambition? What fortifies the soul against animalism? These moral energies are all represented in a matchless Book of which Howard has been a teacher, from whose pages he has gained that which made him strong and gentle. What he so truly stands for in idea and spirit and in service has done as much to make this the greatest nation as our captains of industry, our leaders in commercial expansion. We may annex the coffee fields and sugar plantations of the West Indies and the uncountable wealth of the East Indies. We may command the vast trade of

the Pacific, that ocean which sweeps by thirty thousand miles of coast line, rolling from the Arctic Circle until its tides mingle with "the long wash of Australasian seas"; we may possess the financial rulership of the globe and yet, forgetting God, his truth, his poor, his Law, we shall perish of our own rottenness. A nation of rich, ignorant men, scoffing at conscience, is, after all, as Curtis once said, "Only a horde of savages shrinking into oblivion." Therefore, though I love to think of General Howard as a hero of a hundred fights, and to imagine his form in the red fog of the battle line reaching from Gettysburg to Look-out Mountain, I am happier still in thinking of the quieter, less obtrusive service which he has rendered to the nation's noble life.

In the Providence of God, all races, European, African, Asiatic, have been planted here, and this man has done his utmost to make them live together in peace and true brotherhood, not by crowding any down, but by lifting all up. God bless him for his great-hearted service to the poor, the ignorant, the aspiring! God bless him for showing us that the new Puritanism is even better than the old, because freer from narrowness and fuller of sympathy! God bless him for the loving hand he has laid on many a man's shoulder while speaking to him the words of kindness and truth! God bless him that by showing his own heart of love he has made many others feel the divine affection!

And may God richly bless him for the breadth of his Christian patriotism, reaching from the battle-field to the schoolhouse, from the University to the Negro's cabin and the Indian's wigwam, from Alaska to Florida and from the Maine where he was born to that far-off Eastern isle where his brave son died for the flag, a flag which, so long as it proves a blessing to the people dwelling beneath its folds, is never to be taken down.

General Howard's Christian optimism keeps the heart of a boy underneath his three-score years and ten; therefore I hope that he may long be spared to us to achieve other victories of peace, "not less renowned than those of war." I would like to see this nation of ours made over in accordance with this man's ideals. We have had many deliverances for which we are grateful, but the new Puritanism has much noble work yet unaccomplished in America. If the nation is reconstructed according to this man's conceptions we shall see beneficent changes. Good-will, with no angry and foolish clash of capital and labor, will mark the relations of men with men; the efforts to array against each other those who should work together in confidence and brotherhood will be deemed worthy only of incendiaries and anarchists. In the better America the saloon as a political power will be broken.

Furthermore, no man will be despised, depressed or disfranchised on account of his black skin. Education will be universal, our cities will be delivered from corruption, and a death-blow will be struck to that hideous brutality and municipal piracy which now go under the title of "Crokerism."

The life that we honor tonight calls upon us to gladden the new century by making the greater America a mighty province of the Kingdom of Righteousness, the golden commonwealth of love; thereby eclipsing the shining prophecy of Wendell Phillips at the opening of the war, of a time when "the world shall see beneath our flag all races, all creeds, all tongues, one brotherhood, and on the banks of the Potomac the genius of Liberty robed in light, a hundred stars for her diadem, broken chains under her feet and an olive branch in her right hand."

Opium Smoking.

A chapter from Dr. I. M. Condit's new book on "The Chinaman as We See Him."

Many of the Chinamen, as we see them in this country, are given over to the vice of smoking opium. They have a saying at home that "opium shops are more numerous than rice shops." A vast number of China's teeming millions are the slaves of opium. It is intelligently asserted that more die every year from its effects than are born; and thus the population of the country is slowly decreasing.

Upon the British Government lies the burden of blame for this great crime. When the English opened up India, they wanted a market for the product of poppy, which flourished there so well, and they found it in China. Today England's revenue from opium amounts to more than forty millions of dollars.

Although opium was not unknown in China before that time, yet the practice of smoking it was very far from being a common one. And never did a government make a more determined effort than the Chinese to prevent the curse of an evil habit from destroying its people. The opium war of 1842 was brought on by its attempt to stop the importation of the obnoxious drug. China aroused itself like a strong man to shake off the giant evil. Penalties were imposed upon its use, even to the extent of putting its venders and users to death. But what could the government do when foreigners were smuggling it into the country continually, right before their eyes?

Resolving that the trade should be broken up at all risks, and yet without directly attacking the foreign traders, the Chinese resorted to the Oriental boycott of the foreign factories in Canton. The government forbade its own people to have any intercourse

with foreigners. Immediately every Chinese servant left them. No man could be had for love or money to render them any service, or even to sell them food.

This state of siege lasted about six weeks. At the end of that time the British merchants surrendered all their opium into the hands of the Chinese. It amounted to twenty thousand two hundred and ninety-one chests, which had actually cost eleven millions of dollars. The Chinese received it at the mouth of the river near the Bogue forts, and there destroying it at the command of the Emperor, by throwing it overboard, as our fathers destroyed the tea in Boston harbor. As it dissolved in the sea, great quantities of fish were killed, and that opium at least did not kill any Chinese. When the Emperor, Tao Kwang, was urged to legalize the traffic and tax opium, he gave utterance to these memorable words, "I can never consent to derive an income from the vices of my subjects." This case stands as "a solitary instance in the history of the world of a pagan monarch preferring to destroy what would injure his subjects, rather than to fill his own pockets from its sale."

As the result of the opium war which arose out of this affair, China was compelled to pay England six millions of dollars for the opium destroyed, open five of her ports to foreign trade, and cede the Island of Hong Kong as an English colony.

The degenerate son of this noble Emperor gave way to the pressure of foreign ministers, and to help secure a revenue for the support of his tottering throne, legalized the nefarious traffic.

The opium-smoking habit was so well adapted to the Asiatic nature by its quieting, soporific, and yet gently exciting effect, that it grew with fearful rapidity. In order to meet the increasing demand, China herself began to raise the poppy in large quantities; and already these regions are becoming impoverished which have been devoted to its cultivation, instead of to the raising of food to support the population.

The opium-smoking curse has crossed the seas to our land, as well as to all the places where the Chinese go. Opium dens abound, both above and below ground, in San Francisco's Chinatown. To reach the subterranean dens one has to go down rickety stairs, along narrow passages where darkness reigns, and into low wretched rooms, whose horrors no words can describe. Far away from the din of outside life the silence of death reigns supreme. The air is full of the stupefying smoke of opium. No ventilation ever reaches there, and no light penetrates the gloom except from the feeble flames of a few flickering opium lamps. Men are found curled upon the bunks

in different stages of stupefaction. Some are still conscious, while others are in a dreamy state of oblivion. Some are dried-up, sallow-colored sots; while others still retain much freshness and vigor, they having so far only indulged to a moderate degree.

No one can go through the Chinese quarters without seeing how prevalent the practice of opium smoking is. Every lodging house has its opium bunks, and the air is filled with its fumes. The restaurants furnish opium couches, set in alcoves, much as our hotels do bars. Almost every store has its place in the rear where business transactions are made over the opium pipe. Every guild hall has its opium couch, and even some homes are furnished with them.

The Chinaman does not get drunk with liquor. His convivial bowl is a cup of tea. The only kind of strong drink in which he indulges is Samshoo, or spirit of distilled rice, which he usually drinks in small quantities, as the wine cups are not larger than thimbles. It quickly flushes the face but does not inebriate. But he loves the opium pipe, and finds solace and enjoyment in that as in nothing else.

Opium does not lead a person to crime and deeds of violence as the drinking of liquor does, but its blight is none the less deadly. If it is not so violent in its effect, it is far more insidious. If it does not lead a man to beat his wife and children, it does lead him to sell them as slaves. It saps a man's physical vitality and utterly ruins his manhood.

I do not assert that as soon as a man begins to smoke he loses all virility and becomes enfeebled in body. This is what some suppose. The habit of smoking a few pipes a day may not show itself much for years. A moderate smoker, who has a strong constitution and strong will to hold himself in check, may continue the use of the drug without disastrous results upon his health or spirits. But even these at length become so much the slaves of the habit that they are too wretched and languid to go about their daily business without its stimulus. One who smokes even in moderation is not to be trusted. He soon becomes idle. He loses his moral sensibilities. His interest in work and ability for it are gone. His appetite for food diminishes. Mentally, even more than physically, he becomes unfit for any responsible duty. The habit being an expensive one, he is soon brought to poverty. His days and nights are spent on the opium couch. His chains are forged tighter day by day, and very seldom is he ever able to emancipate himself from the tyranny of the habit which is dragging him down to death.

The question, What per cent of the Chinese in this country smoke? is difficult to answer correctly. In New York City, a tour through

Chinatown revealed the fact that one-fourth of the whole number of places were provided with bunks for the smoking of opium, while only three or four places were discovered where white visitors smoked. In San Francisco's Chinatown, it is a rare thing to find white persons smoking. No doubt much of it is done, but its devotees follow it in other secret places. Thirty, or possibly as high as forty per cent of the Chinese, and the one-half of these confirmed smokers, is perhaps as near the truth in regard to numbers as we can come.

The large amount of opium brought into our country every year tells how prevalent the vice is. The drug comes in two forms—crude and prepared. The black, waxy, prepared article, all ready for the smoker, is the form in which it generally comes. Its importation has reached as high as one hundred and twenty thousand pounds a year. Owing to the decrease of the Chinese population, it is now considerably less than that. When we add the large amount which is constantly being smuggled in, it is easily seen to what an extent it is used. Our government receives a yearly revenue upon opium of something like three-quarters of a million of dollars.

We denounce Great Britain for her opium crime, but how much better is our own Government, which has received many millions of dollars into her coffers by admitting this poison into our land? How dare our Government legalize the importation of prepared opium when almost its only use is to kill men? Surely, it is blood money! Shall we not do what many of the better class of the Chinese themselves advocate, namely, have our Government put its prohibitory seal on this curse, which is not only destroying so many Chinese, but which is also laying its blighting hand upon our own race?

How Ralph Connor Was Found?

THE STORY OF THE UNIQUE BEGINNING OF THE NOTED CANADIAN'S AUTHORSHIP.

Ten thousand copies of "Ralph Connor's" western story, "Black Rock," were sold by its publishers, the Revells, last week. More than one hundred thousand of his two books, "Black Rock" and "Sky Pilot," have been sold.

It has been made known before that "Ralph Connor" is the Rev. Charles W. Gordon of Winnipeg. But how did he happen to become "Ralph Connor"? How did he happen to write at all? The second question may be answered first. He was discouraged over the appropriation that had been made by a certain missionary committee for work in the mining camps of Western Canada. He went, disheartened, to the editor of *The Westminster*, a weekly published in Toronto. This

editor, an old college mate, told him to wage his campaign for the mission funds through his columns.

"Yes, I'll write you an article," said Gordon.

"No," replied the editor, "do it in the form of a story."

Mr. Gordon had lived among the people he wanted to help, so was able to tell of them with perfect confidence and fidelity.

He wrote his first sketch. It is now the first chapter of "Black Rock." The editor was delighted with it. A name for the story was easily found. But what should the author be called? The signing of his real name at the time might have provoked criticism from the mission board; might not have been considered as in keeping with the conventions of the clerical calling. What name shall it be? The question was sent to Winnipeg. At the last moment a telegram came: "Sign sketch Cannor." "Cannor? That would not do," said The Westminster editor, in telling of the event. "That would betray the face of a mask. He must have a proper name. But why Cannor? Perhaps the operator made a mistake. Should it be Connor? More likely. But he must be given a Christian name. What shall we christen this new born Canadian literateur? 'Frank?' 'Chris?' 'Fred?' No, none of these would suit. Here it is. 'Ralph.' 'Ralph Connor!'" And it was so. When he got his copy of The Westminster in Winnipeg that week, he saw the cross page heading, "Tales from the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor!"

What he said to himself as the world was yet to know him has not been told. No one was by to hear. "I mean 'Cannor,'" he wrote a day or two afterward. "Ralph Connor isn't bad—rather Irish for me, but I guess I can stand it. I'll try to live up to it."

And so it was Ralph Connor was found!

So successful was the first story that the editor asked for another and still others, until the chapters had grown into a real book. The sketches were gathered together then, and recast for publication in book form. A British firm, with fear and trembling, took the risk of launching the book in England, but in New York the manuscript went begging. More than one of the great publishing houses that are now clamoring for "Ralph Connor's" copy, turned it down. The publisher in whom the author had the most hope, reported that he had had three first-class "readers" pass judgment on the store, and their verdict was that it had too much religion in it—religion and temperance.

It was not until the book had been published abroad that a representative of the Fleming H. Revell Company happened to find a copy in a bookstore. The possibilities

of the book for the American market were at once realized, and negotiations were made for its publication in the United States.

Now the seventy-fifth thousand of "Black Rock" is on the market, and "The Sky Pilot" is selling its fiftieth thousand.

The Rev. James Rodgers, the first Presbyterian missionary to the Philippines asks his missionary society for \$13,000 in gold, with which to erect a mission house, which will contain, in addition to church room, rooms for a dispensary, a book room, school rooms, etc. Concerning the work at Ermita in Manila, he writes: "Our work has had a slow and healthy growth during the eighteen months that have passed since it was opened. Some thirty people have been received into full membership in the Church and our congregation of adherents runs up into the hundred." Concerning another center, at Binondo, he says: "The position is excellent, but the street in which the room is situated is so noisy that no satisfactory work can be done there. Preaching is very difficult and hearing well nigh impossible. Yet, with a persistence and patience that an American congregation would never imitate, the people continue to come. Manila is overcrowded by refugees from the interior and from other islands. A house for one family is a luxury which but few enjoy, and the Filipinos and Chinese are crowded thickly in the tenements."

Right in the beginning of the twentieth century it may be of value to note the careers of fifteen nineteenth century young men who a number of years ago were boarders in a certain boarding-house in New York City. Each Sunday morning six of these young men were accustomed to come to the breakfast table dressed for attendance at church. And they attended church twice each Sunday—all because highly-respected and useful citizens. The others were generally absent from the breakfast table Sunday mornings. They slept late, appeared at the noon-day meal well dressed, but were rarely seen at church in the afternoon or evening. One of the nine was living not long ago, leading a fairly reputable life; the other eight were dead, every one having led a vicious life. All failed in their business undertakings and several came to untimely and tragic ends. Which road are the young men of your acquaintance traveling today? The roadways have about the same goal now that they had during the last century. Let every young man who reads this note ask himself, "On which road am I traveling?"

God may sometimes diminish our financial ability that we may give him more of our selves.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

From Peking.

Extracts from Letter by Miss Grace Wyckoff.

Peking, September 19, 1900.

I think it more than likely you did not receive many details about our life there (i. e., in British Legation) and our employments, both for men and women. Before we got matters perfectly adjusted we had nine meals a day and that took time. The last month, the Presbyterians and Methodists united, making a number equal to the Congregationalists, and we had only six meals a day: our (Congregational) hours were: breakfast, 6:30 a. m., for thirty-two; dinner, 11:30; supper, 5 p. m., the others following an hour later; then spreading of beds; in the morning, folding up the beds and then making sand-bags; the gentlemen superintended the strengthening of defenses—some had to look after the food for all the Chinese; some were gatekeepers. Everybody found some work to do, and we were very thankful there was so much to look after; the barricades all around us were something wonderful and to them, humanly speaking, our safety was due. It will sound strange to you to hear us speak of going into the Carriage Park, into the ruins of the Han Sin—to the Temple of Heaven—inside the Imperial City, up onto those thirty-five high gun platforms, from which we were cannonaded, and up on the Coal Hill for a picnic—all this, of course, after the arrival of the troops. It seemed so strange to be in the different legations and upon the city wall, watching the burning gates—it seems like a dream! God's wonderful provision was not only made for us while in the legations, but there seems a Providence in the places the missionaries have been allowed to take possession of. Who would ever have thought that a company of ten or more missionaries, with their native Christians, would more missionaries, with their native Christian be living in the palatial grounds of one of the Manchu princes in the midst of the wealth of high officials? Ah, how they did live—but they had to leave it all. This place is under Russian protection and our stay here is somewhat uncertain. After our large family at the Legation, we have found it most pleasant to live in small families, so Gertrude, Miss Miner and I have kept house together. Now Gertrude has gone to Tientsin to help Miss Porter and be ready for any opportunity which may arise for work; we did want to be near our own field and that was the only way to accomplish it, inasmuch as I had promised to help in the Bridgman School. Of course, it is

hard for us to be separated, but it seemed best to us all. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are here; Mrs. Smith seems very well; both of them are bearing this strange experience very well.

This place is occupied by the Tung Chou missionaries and their native Christians. Mr. Tewksbury has worked very hard getting in supplies of grain, etc., for winter use. There are about 150 Chinese here. Mr. Ament has done the same for their people; with him are Miss Russell and Miss Sheffield and I am to be with them.

We cannot tell yet just how these varied experiences are going to tell on the Chinese Christians. The stories of those who are coming in from outside from places of hiding are full of interest and one wonders how they endured what they did. Those saved with us at the Legation have had a wonderful experience, but they cannot be such strong leaders in the church that is to be, as those who have been out in it all and still saved. When we stop to think about the future, we are tempted to ask as the prophet of old, "Who hath believed our report?" Who will dare follow the Christian religion again? God has his own purpose in it all and he will bring good out of the evil and wrong.

I have not time to write what I should like. To me, as to all, I think God's wonderful care and the perfect peace and quiet of heart which he gave in the midst of that fearful firing, night after night, and day after day, was the most precious experience and it will remain a long time in our hearts. I shall not soon forget the evening meetings just a few of us ladies had, Miss Andrews, sweet and trustful, but sad and anxious, lest the worst come to us, asking so beautifully that the loving Father would just cover us with his hand during the night"; we found those few moments of prayer so quieting as we sat on our bed on the floor, between the benches! God's presence was very near to us! We prayed for the men on the wall, and for the Chinese working on the defenses during the night, for the missionaries who superintended them in the darkness, and when morning brought word that no one was killed, we knew God heard our prayers. How it all comes back to me!

The future is still uncertain. I am hopeful, but it is hard to wait to know what the Powers are going to do and harder to wait for definite word from Pang Chuang. There are eighteen Bridgman School girls here who have no homes; six of them are from Pao-tung-fu, betrothed to young men there, who more than likely have suffered the fate of so many others.

* * *

Miss Gertrude Wyckoff, at Tientsin, writes: This place is so changed—a military camp and grog shops everywhere. How I hate to

have such evil displayed to the Chinese.

Letters from the pastors and helpers at Pang Chuang say that all they wait for is help, succor, relief—it nearly breaks our hearts that we can do nothing for them. I fear the place will yet be burned and the Christians killed. God pity the helpless ones. We can do nothing for them.

The Sunday-School.

By Rev. F. B. Perkins.

Behold Your King

Lesson I, January 12, 1901.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS—ITS START.

The morning of the first day of the Paschal Week, A. D. 30, had dawned upon Bethany. The little hamlet, situated two miles from Jerusalem, on the eastern slope of Olivet, was crowded with strangers; some attracted thither in preparation for the coming Passover; others by curiosity to see Jesus, the wonder-working rabbi, and Lazarus, whom he had called back from death, both of whom it was understood were lodging there.

How had the Master spent that night following that eventful supper in the house of Simon, the leper? We can only judge, from what we know of his habits, that much of it must have been spent in prayer, either within the house, or in the wooded outskirts of the town.

Sometime about noon of that day, Sunday, April 2d, emerging from retirement, he set out for Jerusalem. A great company attended him. Friendly, curious, and hostile elements mingled in it. Any journey of his might have been designated thus, for they were all attended by royal incident. But this, in God's intent, and equally in that of Jesus, was intended as a "royal progress," a formal demonstration of his right to the title "King of the Jews"; as it were, a summing up and embodiment, to all which his daily life had shown him to be.

INCIDENTS.

They were about half a mile on their way when his kingly authority was first put forth. On the opposite side of a gorge, round the head of which the procession must pass, was the little village of Bethphage. Sending two of his disciples directly across that gorge by a foot-path, he bade them procure for him an ass, which they should find at a certain place; and if any question arose as to their right to the colt, to reply, "The Lord hath need of him."

So they did, and the remarkable fact was that it all turned out just as the Lord had predicted. When the ass was brought to him, the people—most of them provincials—filled with enthusiasm, and to show him all possible honor, tore off their outer robes and put them, instead of

the usual trappings, upon the ass. Upon that seat Jesus, reversing thus all previous procedure, permitted himself to be seated; and so, amid the wildest demonstrations of joy, he went forward, over a road carpeted with garments and leafy twigs torn from the near-by trees. It was all done on the spur of the moment—not as planned or suggested by Jesus, but simply as an effort on the part of the people to show him all possible honor. They even took up the words of the sacred psalms and hailed him as the longed-for Messiah. That shocked some Pharisees, who formed part of the throng, and they angrily called upon Jesus to put a stop to such blasphemy. But he, fastening his eyes upon the objectors, declared that the action of the people, with all its implications, was right; nay, that they were silent, the very stones lying along the path would take up the testimony! And there was that in his mien which, for the time, overawed and silenced those hostile critics. It was a kingly rebuke; but only the absolute truth of the claim involved saved it from blasphemy.

Now the southern shoulder of Olivet is rounded and Jerusalem, "the joy of the whole earth," is spread out before them. At the sight the excitement of the people bursts forth afresh. Their joy is almost delirious. No longer can they doubt that the Messiah has come, and that their deliverance from the hated Roman yoke is at hand. But upon Jesus the effect is very different. Sadness over-spreads his face, tears fill his eyes, and uncontrollable emotion causes his voice to break. How shall we explain this? There is pathos in the sight of any large city. But this is the city of the great King—his own royal city, upon which all the wealth of divine love had been poured. He is coming to it in the time appointed. But instead of welcoming, it is ready to spurn him. A very hive of enemies it has become, only because he has so faithfully filled out the ideals of the nation; and within four days they will wreak upon him their uttermost vengeance. Yet he loves it notwithstanding all. And so, as saddest thoughts will often force away amid festal scenes, this King of Men, as he realizes these facts and the unutterable woes impending bursts forth: "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! if—at least—but now!"

From the city his eyes would turn to take the multitudes, pouring out of the city gate and up the slope of the hill to meet him. Full of enthusiasm as they are now, he realizes only too clearly how soon, under crafty leadership, their hosannas would change to curses.

Yet, none the less does his great heart go out with unaffected joy to meet the plaudits of that crowd of fickle, but for the time sincere, adherents. And so the incident opens up his heart, and shows how true and absorbing is his passion for the rescue of sinful souls

from death. It is the law of his kingdom. He is a king reigning for righteousness.

Now, at last, the pilgrim throng pass the city gate, thread its narrow streets, and gain the temple mount. There this meek and lowly King leaves "the son of a beast of burden," on which he has thus far ridden, and on foot enters the sacred enclosure, gazes sadly around, and then departs to the seclusion of the home in Bethany.

Next day, returning, he drives out the thieving traders from his Father's house, listens to the songs of the temple boys, and defends them against the sneers of the chief priests and scribes.

SUGGESTIONS.

1. First, there is disclosed the deep foundation of Christ's kingly authority. This depended upon none of the usual pomp and circumstance of royalty; not even upon his essential divinity; but upon something more interior yet—upon his kingly character. He is "the King of kings," because he was the kingliest of men, the one who, beyond all others, fulfilled the first kingly requirement of self-control. In this way, as in others, he was "God manifest in the flesh," and the natural King of men.

This is perhaps the most important single lesson we may learn from this unique event—the kingly authority of a godly character. In measure it is illustrated every day. Whoever possesses it in any large measure will wield influence and have authority among men. All of us have seen illustrations of it, akin, even though far inferior, to that which Jesus exercised on the way to and within the temple at Jerusalem. At critical junctures, such people wield a power which none can resist. They carry their points by sheer force of moral supremacy.

2. Notice again the kingly spirit, as illustrated here—service, helpfulness. It had been the law of his whole life. It was equally the determining factor in this unique display. It was projected wholly for the purpose of making easier the people's faith in him as the true Messianic King, with all which that involved. This whole dramatic picture would have been incomplete but for that scene in the temple, where the blind and the lame came to him and were healed. Even to the last he showed himself the Savior King.

And in so doing he carried out what all history, and specially all Hebrew history, shows to be the radical idea of kingliness. The office originated in championship, and developed along the lines of service and protection. Governments are strong just in proportion as they lay hold of the life of the common people in this helpful way. The Bourbon motto, "I am the State," was at once a confession of illegiti-

macy and a death warrant of the dynast; that of the Hohenzollerns—"I serve," so far as it correctly represents their animating spirit constitutes a divine right to the throne of Germany. The kingdom of Christ is, above all, divinely ordained, because, above all others, it comes into the daily life and provides for the daily needs of the humblest and the weakest.

3. Christ's valuation of men is another kingly attribute, brought out in the triumphal entry. He honored manhood, honored men, trusted them, recognized their dignity, treated them as children of his Father, loved their society, and bound them to him by cords of friendship. So he lifted them up. And so we can believe that, in all the commonplace men and women in our times, and in all their commonplace concerns, he feels a personal, brotherly interest, that he loves to hear them speak his praises, faulty though their thought and inconstant though their spirit may be. And that is just what "the constraining love of Christ" means; and the lives lifted out of the pit and redeemed from sin are what that constraining love effects in our own day, as in earlier times.

4. The intensely real and active quality in the holiness of Christ is another kingly quality illustrated here. His was no bloodless preference of the good over the bad. He loved righteousness and he hated iniquity; therefore God anointed him with the oil of gladness. And that is what much of the piety of the present day sadly needs. There is not enough of iron in it. And, therefore, it lags in the mission of so championing the cause of humanity as to save men from themselves, and to bring them in gladsome crowds into the kingdom of peace. One who would do the work of the King of kings must needs be a hearty hater of evil as well as a lover of good.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. B. Goodell.

Youthful Consecration. (Eccl. xii: 1.)

Topic for January 13th.

Perhaps it would be better to speak of consecration in our young life. Few Senior Endeavorers care to be called youths; every one desires to be thought young. There would be vastly more consecration of young lives if older people paid more attention to that subject. The fact of it all is that the older members of our churches are altogether too much engrossed in themselves and others of their age. We do not have sufficient confidence in the ability of young minds to appreciate and make use of Christian truth. The sense of justice and the keen discrimination between right and wrong are far more dominant in young life than they are in mature years unless the later experiences have been formed by the Holy

Spirit. When the story of and the reason for the life of Christ is presented to the young mind in their bearing upon their thoughts and observations, they see and respond far more readily than hearers of longer contact with the world.

* * *

The whole secret of success lies in the willingness of the young person to accept and follow with painstaking the high ideals which are presented by minds of long experience, large knowledge and the highest character. In every business or profession, let any young mind place itself under such leadership, and that will be found to be the best possible road to success. And it must be done in the younger years. Every year of delay is a damage if not absolutely ruinous to the prospect. Now this is the aspect in which Jesus Christ presents himself before young people. He does not come as a critic or a driver. He comes as one whose knowledge of human life is such as to leave no rival who can so assuringly and successfully point out the true way of life and destiny. His teaching is not the imposition of a burden or the harsh exaction of a requirement; but it is the flashing of light all along the path that leads to the perfect day.

* * *

Why is it then that parents and older friends are not as eager to start the young mind on the road of these teachings and influences as they are to send that same mind to school and to the care of the teachers of intellectual culture? One reason is that we are not simple enough in our expectations of the religious training of the young mind. In mental culture we are content to have the process long and gradual. But in the Christian life we are afraid to recognize or to trust the young mind until it can understand, or, at least, profess to understand many of the harder problems of doctrine and duty. When we become as sensible in our religious treatment of our younger people in our congregations as we are in their mental training, we shall see far more youthful consecration.

* * *

The writer of this book of Ecclesiastes had learned that fact many years ago. It is as hard to adapt Christian truth to old age for the first time, as it is to teach Greek to a man sixty years old. The Christian life, with all its ambition, its hard work and its achievements, is a matter in which to have the very highest pleasure. It is given to inspire and to thrill and to absorb every part of our being. And if that kind of experience is not begun when a person is young, it is not likely to start when he is old. The young man or woman can no more afford to put off consecration until later life than either can hopefully expect to acquire a language or develop the art-life in

old age. Deciding to be a follower of Jesus Christ and devoting one's self to his work in the world are steps that belong to young life.

* * *

Consecration in young life is also the way of strength. The foundation of strength must be laid in the early years. No man of sense will be careless of his health and vigor in his younger days and expect to establish them when he is old. It is almost never done. So the strong Christian is he who starts early. If one wants the sense of power; if he desires the ability to carry on his labor for the Master up to the very last days; if he cares to be able to stand through the storms of temptation and discussion and attack, which every long life witnesses in the Christian world, let him begin when he is young to get iron into his veins. Let his stamina be the growth of years, and he will be a tower of might, to which many will be glad to flee in the trying hours.

* * *

Neither is it well to have this a silent, dreamy, in-the-dark consecration. To be useful or to do the best for the young person, it must be out in the open. That is the way Jesus consecrated himself. It is sometimes said that Jesus organized no church. But he joined the church; he was born in it. According to his testimony it was in about the worst condition possible. But he did not leave it or take any letter out. What he did he did as a member of that church. He did the most for outsiders because he first did his best for the insiders. What was good and right for him will be for you and me. Go into the church, however faulty you may consider it. Throwing stones at windows is not the best way of cleaning them. Let your consecration take the form of help for the church and not mere criticism or it. If Jesus could do his work best by going into the church of his day, you can. Do it.

A correspondent of the British Weekly, writing concerning Mr. Sankey's evangelistic tour in England says that perhaps the most pathetic incident of his travels was the singing of the "Ninety and Nine," in the hall in which it was born twenty-seven years ago. Mr. Sankey returned last week to this country. Part of his time now will be given into the completion of his autobiography and the story of the gospel hymns. His training school for gospel singers will have its headquarters in New York, but in the prosecution of the work of training singers he will visit all the principal cities. He is quoted as saying that during this century solo singing will be as popular as ever, but that it must not be the singing of the opera or the theatre, but the whole-hearted service of consecrated Christian men.

The Home.

"If I Can Live."

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and to give
A second lustre to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some way-worn soul in passing by;

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, though bare,
Perhaps, of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us of earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,
most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding cloud give way to sun and shine;
And 'twill be well

If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me, she did her best for one of thine.
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

The Little Home for Two.

Wonderful fascination is in the little home for two. It may be a wee bit of a cottage in the country with a garden at the back and roses climbing to the eaves. It may be a tiny flat in a city far up toward the roof; it may be a shabby house with few rooms, but if it be a real home, it is crowned and blessed by the wifely presence and the cup of the husband overflows. How much thought goes to the plenishing. How the wedding presents add a touch of elegance here, of harmony there. What fun over the disposition of the wedding gift which is palpably a misfit, the choice of wealth, but not of taste, or the tribute of some kind relative out of touch with modern and aesthetic ideas. What delightful tete-a-tete breakfasts and suppers, and how charming the dinners to which one or two intimate friends are asked, when the young matron exercises a genuine hospitality and the young husband begins to realize the dignity there is in being the man of the house.

The wife should not forget that she is the true homemaker, and that her tact, economy and discretion, combined with her steadfast cheerfulness, will be potent factors in the success of her husband in whatever business he may undertake. Her part is not unlike that of the lady of the Middle Ages who sent her lord to the lists, herself buckling on his armor and fastening her dainty favor on his sleeve. But the modern knight rides in a harder combat than that of the ancient tilt and tourney and a thousand foes watch for him where erst there was one. He will encounter insidious temptations; he will face fearful trials; and in the most commonplace life, the most ordinary day, troubles may spring upon him unawares. Our ups and downs in commercial life have been proverbial; the wife must trebly arm her husband by her serenely invincible faith, by

by her unsullied sense of right, and by her contented gayety. At home she must attend to his comforts. Ill-prepared and wretchedly served meals are a disgrace to an intelligent woman, the deeper disgrace if she be college-bred and intellectually equipped for companionship with the educated. Always the greater must include the less, and a young woman to whom the curriculum of the schools presents no insuperable difficulty must not stumble over the making of a loaf or the cooking of a roast. We hear a great deal of nonsense about the effect of the higher education on a young woman, as if there were in it any essential handicap to unfit one for domestic life. Absolutely there is nothing in ordinary housekeeping which need daunt any fairly intelligent girl who can pay attention, take pains, and observe directions. Cook books are numerous, and, apart from their aid and that which her native wit will give her, there are manuals of housewifery on every side, most of which may be trusted.

The little home for two may be too tiny to admit the presence of a servant, and if this is so, it may be the more dainty and the more sacredly private. In cities, a young couple may lessen their cares by dining in restaurants, many of which in a good neighborhood offer obvious advantages in the way of excellent cooking and a varied menu. Breakfast is easily prepared, and most men in business are forced to lunch downtown or away from home. But while this plan affords a pleasing change on occasion, the wife who understands good management may usually so order her affairs that she can prepare an appetizing dinner without soil or stain to the neatest gown, and should she do this, her husband may, without sacrifice of any manly prerogative, assist her in its clearing away. Every boy in the land should be mother-taught in homely household arts before he leaves his mother's realm; he will thus make the better husband.

The wife who would be in every sense a helpmeet will not waste money: she will study frugality, and, to the end of achieving the best results, will keep very thorough and careful accounts. The method of recording minutely what one spends is a check on the extravagance in which lurks peril.

As the wee home, or the greater home for two cannot be maintained without money the two immediately concerned will as soon as possible arrive at an understanding as to ways and means. A certain sum must be apportioned for rent, another for fuel, another for clothing, another for the butcher, and another for the grocer; yet another for possible illness and bills to the doctor. The wife should have her household allowance for the expenses which she must personally contract for and pay. Beyond this, however small it may be, should be

a stipulated sum for her private purse. Only in this way can she preserve her personal independence and be sure of contentment. No honored wife should ever be a licensed mendicant, asking for and rendering an account of every penny she spends for her individual wants to the husband who keeps a tight grasp on the pocket-book. The amount a wife may have for her very own depends altogether on her husband's income, and the two must resolve to live well within this, unless they wish to be dogged by misfortune, and shamed by debts which they cannot pay.

Wherever the new home is built, God's altar should be raised. Recognition of the Divine Father in a blessing sought at meals and in family prayer hallows the household. Here it is all important to make a right beginning. Easy to say at first, if grace at meals be omitted, self-consciousness will creep in, and of the two, neither wife nor husband will like to take the initiative. Although it is the husband's privilege to lead in all home worship, yet if he be reluctant, the wife would far better assume the obligation than allow the family life to be denuded of that which is its beautiful cap-sheaf, a daily offering of all it is and does and hopes at the Mercy-seat.

The home does not exist for selfish gratification. It has debts to the community and to the church, as well as duties to society. The loving wife will not endeavor to keep her husband from undertaking duties of citizenship. She will wish him to be a man among men—a man who will not scorn politics nor leave them to the illiterate and the unscrupulous. That her John shall vote, that he shall take some share in his town's, in his state's, after awhile in his country's, affairs, will seem to her the appropriate thing. National and world politics are carried on by an immense aggregation of individuals acting under good leadership. When nations fall into ruin and decay, it is because manhood has lost its prestige and bartered its birthright for some mess of pottage. Back of every man stands his home. A good woman, whether wife, mother, sister, or daughter, has ever a voice in her country's affairs, not the less eloquent that it is not lifted up in the market-place. Hers is the high task of stimulating and giving noble ideals to the men with whom she daily associates, and they seldom go counter to her wish, and almost never disappoint her if she is true and faithful. Hers surely is a wide and splendid field for the exercise of womanly influence, a field which none should overlook or disdain.

The new home may be plainly furnished, but let there be books in it of its own—not merely books loaned by a library—to insure refined pleasure and to bring in the wealth of the ages. One should not hesitate to buy a good book; it is an investment which pays

generous interest. No room can be bare in which there are on shelf or table, volumes of the poets, the philosophers and the romancers whose torches have flamed down the centuries, giving light and passing on cheer and warmth. Read together, dear young people, not in an idle and desultory fashion, and not merely for entertainment, but for mutual profit and instruction. Do not let rust gather on the mind. Even if tired and a little depressed, seek the tonic and cordial of the finest literature.

Into the home admit no degrading book. That a book is suspected may not prove it unwholesome, but choose rather for your reading and your living, the book, as the friend, on whose reputation rests no stain. A course of history planned beforehand and adhered to through the evenings of a winter, repays the home students and enables them to keep in mind what they acquired during earlier days.

Society and the church equally claim the home, each being fed by and composed of many homes, through which run subtly uniting threads. We need not attempt display, nor weakly try to emulate modes of living in which we have no allotted share in God's appointment; but neither are we to hold back, refusing to be gracious in word and act to those who are better off than ourselves. There is a sensitive discourtesy to the rich which is as unworthy a Christian householder as is patronage and condescension to the poor. What we are is the significant thing—not what accidental conditions make our environment. We must stand on our own feet, cultivate self-respect, and live for God and the neighbor. Then over the threshold of the little home shall unseen angels glide, and the Master himself will be present there, an abiding guest.

In our Bible reading we cannot fail to notice in how much esteem the good housekeeper is held by the Lord. Abigail, the stately lady, wife to Nabal, the churl, saves him and his retinue from destruction at the hands of the brave young outlaw captain, David, as she comes to meet him and his band, followed by her servants and a generous provision. She is a type of the housekeeper whose resources are equal to an emergency and whose cupboard is never bare. Dorcas, with the poor, weeping for the Lady Bountiful, who clothed their nakedness and ministered to their illnesses, is the predecessor of our modern Phoebe Hearst and Helen Gould, and of a great throng of honorable women who make the world glad by their presence and work. Lydia, in whose name the early Christians found a welcome as they met for neighborhood prayer, Eunice and Lois, the "elect lady," and "those women" who were the friends of Paul, have been repeated again and again, and still live in the newest of the centuries. And Mar-

tha, whom Christ loved—Martha, the cumbered with serving, is in every congregation yet, and still the Master loves her.

Of the true wife, as in ancient times, it is said that the heart of her husband may safely trust in her. She will do him good and not evil all her days of her life.—From "Winsome Womanhood," by Margaret Sangster.

Our Boys and Girls.

When I Gits Home.

It's moughty tiahsome layin' roun'
Dis sorrer-laden earfly groun',
An' oftentimes I thinks, thinks I,
'Twould be a sweet t'ing des to die,
An' go 'long home.

Home whaiah de frien's I love 'll say,
"We've waited fu' you many a day,
Come heah an' res' yo'se'f, an' know
You's done wid sorrer an' wid woe,
Now you's at home."

When I gits home some blessid day,
I 'lows to th'ow my caihs erway,
An' up an' down de shinin' street,
Go singin' sof', an' low, an' sweet,
When I gits home.

I wish de day was neah at han',
I's tiahed of dis grievin' lan',
I's tiahed of de lonely yeahs,
I want to des dry up my teahs,
An' go 'long home.

Oh, Mastah, won't you sen' de call?
My frien's is daih, my hope, my all,
I's waitin' whaiah de road is rough,
I want to heah you say, "Enough,
O' man, come home!"

—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

A Manly Boy.

It was a crowded railway station, and a raw December day. Every few minutes the street cars emptied their loads at the door, and gusts of cold wind came in with the crowd. All were laden with bag, basket, box or bundle. Shivering groups stood about the great round stove in the center of the room. A small boy called "Tillygram and broken needle," which last meant the Brooklyn Eagle. Another boy shouted, "Cough candy, and lozenges, five cents a paper."

Every few minutes a stream of people flowed out through the door, near which a young man stood and yelled, "Rapid transit for East New York!"

The gate was kept open but a moment, and closed again when enough persons had passed through to fill the two cars upon each train. Those so unfortunate as to be farthest from the door must wait until next time. Among those unfortunate ones was an old Swedish woman, in the heavy shoes and short frock of her native Northland. She had heavy bundles, and, though she had a place so near the door that many pushed against her, could not

seem to get out. Her burden was too heavy for her to hold as she stood, and when the rush came and she seized one package from the floor by her side, she dropped the other, and, in trying to get it, some one crowded and pushed her aside. The bundle was in the way; an impatient foot kicked it beyond her reach, and before she could recover it again the door was shut. The kind old face looked pitifully troubled.

Suddenly, as she bowed her old gray head to lift the abused bundle from the floor, a bright, boyish face came between her and her treasure, and a pair of strong young hands lifted it to her arms. Surprise and delight struggled in the old, wrinkled countenance, and a loud laugh came from two boys whose faces were pressed against the window outside the gate.

"See there, Harry; see Fred, that's what he dashed back for!"

"No; you don't say so? I thought he went for peanuts."

"No; not for peanuts or popcorn, but to pick up an old woman's bundle. Isn't he a goose?"

"Yes; what business has she to be right in the way with her budgets? I gave it a good kick."

"Here comes the train. Shall we wait for him, Harry?" And they pounded on the window, and motioned for Fred to come out.

But he shook his head and nodded toward the little old woman at his side. He had her bundles, and her face had lost its anxious look, and was as placid as the round face of a holiday Dutch doll.

"Come along, Fred. Come along! You'll be left again."

"Never mind, boys; off with you; I'm going to see her through."

And they went. And Harry repeated to Dick, as they seated themselves in the train, "Isn't he a goose?"

"No," was the indignant answer; "he's a man, and I know another fellow who's a goose, and that's me, and Fred makes me ashamed of myself."

"Pooh. You didn't mean anything. You only gave it a push."

"I know it; but I feel as mean as if Fred had caught me picking her pocket."

The train whirled away. The next one came. "Rapid transit for East New York; all aboard!" shouted the man at the door.

The gate was open. There was another rush. In the crowd was an old Swedish woman, but by her side was Fred Monroe. He carried the heavy burden; he put his lithe young figure between her and the press. With the same air he would have shown to his mother, he "saw her through." And when the gate shut

I turned to my book with a grateful warmth at my heart that, amid much that is rude, chivalry still lives as the crowning charm of a manly boy.—From the *Silver Cross*.

Jamie's 'Means of Grace.'

Little Jamie Danforth sat in a chair by the fire, dangling his legs and every now and then giving vent to a rueful little sigh, that somehow seemed out of keeping with the bright face.

There did not seem to be much in his surroundings to cause unhappiness; the room in which he sat was very comfortable, and he looked like a rosy, well-cared-for little boy; still the sighs were quite heavy at times, and a little pucker showed itself between his eyes.

"Jamie," called his mother from the hall, "will you come, dear, and rock baby a while for mother? I want to get things ready for tea."

"But it is time for our Band meeting, and Miss Haven said she wanted us all to be there today, 'specially, because we are going to finish our scrap books for the children in India, and mine is nearly done, so I don't see how I can," said Jamie, coming out into the hall with his cap in his hand.

"But, dearie, don't you think mother needs you quite as much as the little children in India need the books?" asked Mrs. Danforth, stroking the curly head tenderly.

"But your needing me isn't a 'means of grace,'" said Jamie, "and Miss Haven told us that if we were going to be truly Christian soldiers we must lay hold of the means of grace, and going to band meetings and doing things of that sort are doing it, and I haven't missed one meeting this year."

"Well, run along, dear," said his mother, knowing that the wisest and surest way was to let Jamie's conscience settle the matter for him, and Jamie, with a lingering look and an undecided air, went out.

All the year, ever since he and the other boys in his class had taken a stand for the Master, he had been trying very hard to be a real Christian soldier, and he had been very regular in his attendance at church and Sunday-school, and, as he said, had not missed a single meeting of the boys' band, never allowing anything to interfere with his being present when they were in session; but just now he had become a little troubled and his conscience bothered him.

Was it just right to go off always and leave his mother, who often looked tired lately, to take care of baby and do all the housework by herself? And yet, Miss Haven said, we must lay hold of the means of grace; and it's

so hard for a fellow to know what to do, he thought desperately, as he sat on a fence railing to think it over, tossed about between his desire to go to the meeting and the sad little look he had seen in his mother's face. His warm heart was conquered by the remembrance of the look, and he got down and went resolutely back. It's too bad to miss the meeting, but I guess I'll take care of the baby, he said to himself.

His mother hearing the door open came out into the hall as he came in. "Did you forget something, dear?" she asked.

"No," said Jamie, "I only thought I wouldn't go to the band meeting today, but would rather take care of the baby for you; so I came back," and his mother understood and kissed him tenderly.

"I guess Jesus means boys to help their mothers; he makes 'em feel so happy while they are doing it," he said later. "And I guess it makes you feel better, too, doesn't it, mother?" noticing how her face had brightened and that she sang as she went to and fro through the rooms in her work.

"Yes, darling, mother does feel better, and you have helped me very much, and helping mother is a very great 'means of grace,' dear, although you thought it was not," and after a few trials Jamie knew that it was.—The Evangelist.

"The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood," by Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller of Bombay, India. This book has been published with the hope that it may lead the people of Christendom to do more for the salvation of women in India. Their great debasement is depicted in ways that will touch many hearts. There are chapters concerning child-marriage, enforced widowhood, the zenana, infanticide, the nautch girl, what the government and the missionaries have done, and the real difficulty and the real remedy. "Is it possible," asks the author, "for the one hundred and fifty million women of India of this generation to hear the gospel? We leave the Christian women of India, England and America to answer the question." F. H. Revell Company, Chicago; pp. 300; \$1.25.

It is better to deny ourselves the things that please us than afterward to be compelled to endure the things that pain us.

A teacher to be thoroughly successful must be respected for his energy as well as loved for his kindness.

Rev. John Thompson of the California Bible Society is confined to his bed with an attack of la grippe.

Church News.

Northern California.

Berkeley Park.—A recent statement of the financial condition of the church showed that the expense of \$846 in enlarging and renovating the church building a few months since had been met. The trustees were given a vote of thanks for their efficient services.

Etna.—A larger building is the pressing need of our church in Etna, especially to meet the requirements of the growing Sunday-school. This, it is hoped, will be provided next summer. The recent payment of \$110 to the Building Society clears the parsonage from debt, and the investment of a small sum will complete its furnishing.

Oakland, Plymouth Avenue.—This church held its annual meeting on the 27th. The reports showed the different societies in flourishing condition both in numbers and finances. Christian Endeavor, Sunday-school, Ladies' Aid societies, all report balances in their treasuries. The \$300 assessed to the church for missions, under the Capen plan, is all raised, and church expenses paid, and a surplus left in the treasury. The church and pastor are greatly encouraged and united in all of its undertakings. All are spiritually quickened through the faithful work of Rev. S. R. Wood, the pastor.

Sunol.—During the absence of Pastor Cooke I was asked to supply his pulpit December 23d. The morning audience was about sixty-five, chiefly from middle age down to children. At the Endeavor meeting in the evening there were about fifty present. The exercises were almost entirely singing and reading. The selections revealed rare judgment and taste. The reading from an elocutionary point was of a high order. In every case the enunciation was clear, distinct and sufficiently strong to be heard by the dullest ears in any part of the room. Our churches would be greatly benefited, and the Monday club as well, if some of our ministers could take lessons in elocution from the Sunol Endeavor Society. Every one of the Endeavor meeting remained at the evening service. The audiences, both morning and evening, were remarkably attentive. The bright, thoughtful faces were an inspiration to the preacher Pastor Cook, is to be congratulated on his desirable parish. The hope of the coming kingdom is largely in our country congregations where there are no outside allurements on the Lord's day.

W. A. Tenney.

Southern California.

Los Angeles.—Forefathers' Day was celebrated under the auspices of the Los Angeles Congregational Union in the parlors of the

First Congregational church. About 300 persons partook of a New England supper prepared by the Woman's Work Society of the church. The address of the evening was delivered by Rev. Henry Kingman, lately missionary in China, but now pastor of the church in Claremont. He gave a critical estimate of the character of the Pilgrim Fathers. He did not shun to speak of their faults and weaknesses as well as of their heroic faith and intense devotion to God and God's truth, but found, in the summing up, the result of their lives to be unspeakable gain to the world.

The Spanish Work.

The California Spanish Missionary Society rejoices in a generous gift from Capt. and Mrs. F. B. Clark of five acres in beautifully located lots in Hyde Park, a suburb of Los Angeles, to be used for mission headquarters and training school. Five other acres adjoining the town site are added to this gift, with a view to furnish employment to students by which they may help the boarding department and thus contribute toward their own support. The donors offer also \$2,000 toward the erection of suitable buildings for the mission. This offer is accepted, and it is expected that the buildings will be ready for use some time during the coming year. Until then the mission headquarters will doubtless remain in their present location on the Elendale road, and may be addressed at Station A, Los Angeles.

It is doubtless well known to the readers of *The Pacific* that Rev. A. B. Case, formerly a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in Mexico, is Superintendent of this mission. With him are associated Messrs. Bailly and Taber, and the wives also of the three. Mr. and Mrs. Bailly have especial charge of the Home and Training School, but assist in outside mission work.

The work has been from the beginning one of devoted and heroic faith. Mr. Case entered upon it with no assurance of pecuniary support from any man or body of men. He saw an urgent need. His former experience had prepared him to carry the gospel to the thousands of neglected Spanish-speaking people among us—strangers in their native land. He found a ready hearing among them. They were glad to have a friend come to them and speak to them the gospel in their own tongue. The churches were awakened to lend their support to the work. An interdenominational society was formed—churches of different names uniting heart and hand in the work. The demand for workers has increased beyond the present means of supply. Hence, the training school to supply this need. This

is in an especial sense a faith school—Mr. and Mrs. Bailly giving themselves without salary to the work. The maintenance of the Home, the board of the students, of whom eleven have been enrolled, has come thus far from volunteer contributions in answer, it is believed, to the prayer to God of those who have the work in charge. The new gift of land and house is accepted as from the Lord. But it means, not all the needs of the mission supplied; it means, rather, an opening for a larger work, more laborers, greater needs, more abundant results, in blessing upon the work.

Notes and Personals.

Prof. R. R. Lloyd preached at Mill Valley Sunday morning.

In a New Year letter to his people the Rev. S. C. Patterson of Lodi says a good word for The Pacific.

Rev. E. B. Bradley, recently pastor at Lorin, has entered the work of the Episcopal church. He is stationed at San Luis Obispo. Mr. Bradley was an Episcopalian before he was a Congregationalist.

The church at Riverside has presented Professor Colcord of Pomona College a beautiful gold watch. This was in recognition of his kindness and helpfulness to the church as a supply during the illness of the pastor, Rev. Edward F. Goff.

Rev. H. H. Wikoff brought to the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday a good report concerning the work of our church at Reno, Nevada. Rev. F. V. Jones has left the church in an excellent condition. Rev. E. C. Chase of Etna has been called to the pastorate and expects to begin work early this month.

The receipts from pew rental in the First church of this city were nearly five hundred dollars more in 1900 than they were in 1899. Last Sunday evening the pastor asked in the Christian Endeavor Society meeting that all those who were in the habit of attending the Sunday evening preaching service should so indicate by arising. The members and every regular attendant at the meetings of the society arose.

The church at Ontario in accepting the resignation of the Rev. Allen Hastings recorded its testimony in part as follows: "It is with deep regret that we acquiesce in the necessity which the failing health of our pastor has brought upon him to resign the pastorate of our church. His earnest and successful labors among us call for a recognition on our

part. He has accomplished for this community a great work in the short space of time he has been with us which few would have had the courage to undertake, or the wisdom and energy to accomplish in many years. * * * He is an untiring worker, self-denying in his labors for the church and the community, and has brought into the church fellowship an unusual number of new members."

Sabbath Observance and Some Churches.

BY D. GILBERT DEXTER.

New England observance of the Sabbath as Holy Day has in large degree become obsolete throughout the Eastern land. The observance, in setting apart the day as a day of rest and holy communion with the Highest, has become to a large extent a law of the past in the home and among the people without homes, even in the land of the Puritans. The free and easy customs of continental Europe have become prevalent and the days of Puritanism are no longer known on the Atlantic coast to any great extent. It is a strange and painful transformation to those who believe in the Sabbath in its true and highest meaning. If it is not a desecration of God's Holy Day to be enveloped in all kinds of worldly amusements and work, then pray tell us what is?

Much has been said by those coming from the East to California, in years gone by, about the non-observance of the Sabbath on this Pacific coast. It is not a matter of surprise that such remarks have been made. But let me say what is absolutely true, that in no longer time than fifteen years a marked change for the better observance of the Sabbath has been made apparent in the cities and towns of California. The influences coming from the churches have been felt among tradesmen and the masses. Of course there is great and needed room for improvement, but the tide is setting the right way and if people who believe in law and order will stand with churchmen in the matter the change will be more marked for the better during the years to come. Oh, that the people of California might be led to begin the new century with a better observance of the Sabbath to higher and better things!

Friends living in Chicago and other large cities at the East have recently passed criticism upon what they were pleased to call "Sabbath desecration in the wicked cities of the Pacific coast." Not many weeks ago I happened to be in Chicago on Sunday and I took occasion to observe the condition of things in that moral(?) metropolis on the Lord's Day. In all truth I can say that in no city I have ever visited were seen such ev-

idences of debauchery, wickedness and Sabbath-breaking as in Chicago. And when I mentioned the fact to one of the residents of the city he remarked: "You have not seen the worst—you should visit other parts of our city that you have not seen. We do not have much of a Sunday in Chicago. But stranger, you should go to New York for a real bedlam Sunday." I remarked, in reply, "If there is any worse bedlam in this city or any other than I have already seen, good Lord, deliver us."

Spending several Sundays in New England, I had a chance to witness some changes that are engrossing the thought and attention of the religious world. First of all, the spirit of liberalism which seems to have come over many that stood for old-fashioned orthodoxy. Real genuine gospel preaching seems to be ignored and the more modern-day idea of lecture-preaching has been substituted. The result from such preaching seems to be a lack of spiritual life and activity on the part of the large majority of what may be called orthodox churches. Conversions are lessening year by year, and the men care little for church services. It is becoming a serious matter and one which is beginning to receive serious attention. My opinion is that what is needed is real, genuine gospel preaching. The people are hungering for the real Christ-truth.

At a morning service in one of the older churches, where wealth and aristocracy hold sway, a sermon on "The Reason Why Do Not More Men Attend Church," was presented with great force by the aged pastor. It was a searching sermon and one which men should have heard. In a good-sized congregation all the men that I could see from my seat were eleven! The women and children were there—but where were the men? The good pastor was worried over the problem of how to reach the men—and I was not surprised that he was.

At another church—one of the larger churches—the recently settled pastor assailed the creeds of the churches. He would not have a creed at all, so far as he was concerned. He felt the time had come to dispense with such useless articles. Now, that pastor stirred up a nest of bees. Some of the older members were sorely tried and vexed over such a position. They were at once discussing what they should do with one who is departing from the established customs of the church.

I am glad that a movement has been inaugurated to arouse the churches to a sense of duty and responsibility in beginning the new century. What a great and noble thing it is to begin the century for Christ—to live for Christ—to have more and more of the

real, genuine Christ-spirit. May the twentieth century be a century for the great up-building which shall bring peace—not war. Then shall the Kingdom of Christ be a real kingdom, and not till then.

Oregon Letter.

BY GEORGE H. HIMES.

A voice from the past just spoke to me, and this was the message: "God grants his peculiar favors only where there is a preparedness of heart to receive them." The words are written upon a slip of paper, yellow with age, and upon the reverse side the date of "Sept. 21, 1811," appears. Where the scrap came from I have no means of knowing—probably out of some one of the old books that have been gathered during the year. However that may be, what words are more suitable to be indelibly impressed upon the tablet of one's memory upon the last days of a year and of a century! How much in them to think about; how much in them to cause self-examination; how much in them suggestive of past failure to live the ideal life that every Christian man or woman, at some time, longs for; how much in them of promise, if only the "preparedness of heart" can be attained. Truly these closing hours of a century are solemn ones to those who are given to reflection; and can there be any, however sinful, flippant or trifling, who do not at some time turn the eye of memory within to see the deformed soul as it really is? And even those who have had high purposes, whose lives have been known and read of all men, who have been instant in season and out of season in every good work—all these find upon self-examination that they have come far short of the growth they strove for. Yet, sad as such reflections are, there comes with them a note of joy for opportunity of service, and for the certainty that there is a great loving Father's hand in all and through all.

The religious organizations of the city will hold union services in the Marquam Grand Opera House on January 1st. Bishop Cranston of the M. E. Church will preside, and addresses will be given by pastors of the Unitarian, Episcopalian, Presbyterian and Jewish churches.

At men's meeting of the Y. M. C. A. addressed by Mr. Fred Smith last Sunday evening at the Marquam Opera House more than fifty young men signified their desire to begin a Christian life.

Rev. J. M. Dick of Hubbard has been assisting Rev. Daniel Staver in special meetings at the Hillside church, about ten miles north of Forest Grove. A good degree of interest has been manifested.

At the recent municipal election in Ashland it was decided by a majority of nineteen to do away with the six saloons in the town, which for the year ending January 15, 1901, paid \$2,400 in license fees into the town treasury.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Riverside church, Hood River, surprised Pastor Hershner and his assistant by sending to the parsonage on Christmas day one of the best ranges that money could buy.

The Men's Club of the Oregon City Congregational church is growing in numbers and influence. To promote acquaintance and to secure an interchange of views a monthly is given once a month. Five new members were added to the roll at the last meeting, December 26th.

Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, author of "McLaughlin and Old Oregon," is an efficient member of the Oregon City church. Her book, published by McClurg & Co., Chicago, has gone to the second edition. A San Francisco firm recently published another book for Mrs. Dye recently—"Stories of Oregon." Both these books will repay any one for reading. The latter is for school purposes and intended for children, but adults will be interested. Mrs. Dye descends from historic families, is a graduate of Oberlin, and is a gifted woman. During the past ten years she has been gathering much material, which will be valuable by and by. She is now engaged on a third work, which will deal with the Lewis and Clark period of 1804-6.

A Happy New Year to everybody.
Portland, Dec. 30, 1900.

Inland Empire Letter.

The Westminster church, Spokane, held its annual meeting recently. The report of the board of deacons told of the marked progress in all departments of the church, under the able leadership of the pastor, Rev. George R. Wallace, and showed that the church had made progress financially, numerically and in the attendance of both Sabbath and week day services.

The special developments in the Sunday-school, under the leadership of Superintendent J. L. Paine, were the organization of an orchestra and normal class, led by the pastor. The Ladies' Aid Society reported disbursements for the year aggregating about \$900 and the Ladies' Missionary Society of \$200 more, making a grand total of over \$1,000 in charitable and mission work. The Men's Club, which was organized during the year, also submitted a report showing a membership of 40.

The Westminster church now numbers over

500 members, and according to the deacons' report the past year has been the most prosperous in its history, and the prospects the best the church has ever known.

Rev. J. Edwards made a missionary trip to Gem and Burke in Canyon Creek Gulch last week. The scenery is romantic, the gulch narrow and rugged and the mountains on each side towering 3,000 feet high. The cabins and shacks are perched on the rocky hillsides. There are 1,000 men working in the mines at Burke, with about 30 per cent Protestants, and no regular preaching service. A few heroic women keep the Sunday-school. The Miners' Union hall, controlled by Roman Catholics, was denied them about a month ago, but the N. P. ticket agent offered them the use of the depot, where they meet now with increased attendance. For music two ladies play the guitar and banjo. The personnel of the Coeur d'Alene country is rapidly changing and will probably continue to do so until the Protestant element will be at least equal to that of the Roman Catholic.

Principal Rosine M. Edwards of Woodcock Academy, Ahtanum, spent the holidays at her home in Spokane.

Pilgrim church, Spokane, realized \$60 from their annual sale.

More Concerning Theological Freedom.

Editor of the Pacific:

In a recent number of your paper was an article by Prof. W. W. Lovejoy, entitled "Theological Freedom," in which his extolling theme was Love. "Love—but think as you please and allow others unlimited freedom of thought and utterance." And in an apparently charitable spirit, he remarked: "When will we cease to nag each other in our religious life together?" But in the last number of *The Pacific*—strangely paradoxical as it may seem—he comes out with an article roundly scoring Mr. Jacks, our former beloved and popular secretary of the Y. M. C. A., in a manner that certainly indicates anything but a gentle spirit of love and toleration. He closes his remarks with an intimation, in reference to the Y. M. C. A., similar to the one made by Pres. Hyde in regard to the Congregational church, that "its days are numbered" if it continues to insist upon a creed advocating belief in the true divinity of Jesus Christ. Strange, how our evangelical denominations built upon this sadly defective and unenlightened creed, have succeeded in accomplishing such marvelous results in revolutionizing the world and the individual, as no other form of religion and no humanitarian efforts have succeeded in doing.

There is more abiding truth and life in the few words which constitute the declaration of our faith than there is in whole volumes of vain and empty utterances, revolving forever and forever around one point and one only—a determination to force our Christian believers into giving up, as necessary, an assent to the holy and divine birth of our Savior, stated in the Apostles' Creed, in order to accommodate a certain class of "intelligent" *un*-believers who find it impossible for their gigantic intellects to accept the same. Surely there are associations that have no creed, within whose ranks there is an abundance of room for all who no longer feel in sympathy with our orthodox "sects." Why do they insist upon remaining, only to criticise and to intrude their views upon those who refuse to make a mockery of their faith in Jesus Christ as the only-begotten Son of God.

Mrs. C. Jewell Parish.

Pulpit Notices.

Some time ago the Bystander furnished to The Pacific a series of the most sagacious papers in the line of pastoral proprieties we have ever read. It is to be regretted that he did not give a few hints in the line of pulpit notices. Many city pastors show their wisdom and respect for their audiences by printing such notices as relate to the interests of the local church on a leaflet, which is distributed in the seats. Others publish them in a small church paper. These printed notices are expressed in the most concise form.

In this way a multitude of improper and foreign notices are suppressed. A pastor sometimes receives a notice covering a full letter sheet to be read, accompanied by a private note, asking him to urge the importance of the matter by additional remarks. In one parish the road master used to send in a notice to be read, warning all men in the district that they were required by law to work out their road tax the coming week. The place for all such documents is the waste-basket.

Some men seem to forget what they are doing when they make the weekly announcements. They go on and on repeating, expounding, expanding, exhorting, as if they were delivering a sermon. We have heard a minister take up fully fifteen minutes on the notices. To say the least, this is a waste of time, in bad judgment and poor taste. If pulpit notices are spoken, respect for the audience requires that they be uttered in a clear, strong voice, in the fewest possible words, with no additions whatsoever. The severest brevity secures the best attention. The notices are no part of the gospel message, and should never be used as a foundation for a long exhortation. *

"Who Is Doing Your Work?"

In all the world there is nothing so wonderful as "God's way with a soul." This, the actual experience of one woman, may have its message for others.

She had a beautiful girlhood, rich in all that love and wealth could give. Then trouble came and everything was swept away from her—parents, husband, children and wealth. In her anguish she prayed passionately for death; death alone was refused her.

Her brothers took her abroad, hoping so to lift her from her grief, but though several years passed so she still prayed for death. Then one night she had a dream. She thought that she had gone to Heaven and saw her husband coming toward her. She ran to him full of joy; to her terror, no answering joy shone on his face, only surprise and almost indignation.

"How did you come here?" he asked. They did not say that you were to be sent for; I did not expect you for a long time."

"But aren't you glad?" she cried, struggling with her pain.

But, again, he only answered as before: "How did you come? I didn't expect you." And there was no gladness in his tone or eyes.

With a bitter cry she turned from him. "I'll go to my parents," she faltered. "They, at least, will welcome me." So she went on until she found her parents, but instead of the tender love for which her heart was sick, she met only the same cold looks of amazement, the same astonished questions. Faint and heart-broken, she turned from them, too.

"I'll go to my Savior," she cried. "He loves me if no one else does."

Then, in her dream, she reached the Savior. She was right. There was no coldness there; but through his love the sorrow of his voice thrilled her into wondering silence. "Child, child, who is doing your work down there?" Then, at last, she understood.

When she woke in the morning with the memory of her dream strong upon her heart, it was to find a new heaven and a new earth. She had no children of her own, but God's little ones, struggling under burdens that bent the childish backs and brought pitiful lines of care into the childish faces, were all about her. Down in the heart of the city she found her work—and her God.—Forward.

Married.

ROWELL--HIGGINS.—At Santa Barbara, December 25th, by the Rev. J. Rowell, Wm. Arthur Rowell, M.D., of Fresno, and Miss Catherine C. Higgins, of Santa Barbara.

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Two Indians belonging to one of the large American shows of the wild West, while visiting London, were much interested in the sights to be seen in the London streets. One day they stopped before the show window of a wig-maker, and stared at the many varieties of wigs on exhibition there until their eyes nearly fell out. Finally, one of them nudged the other, and, with a shake of his head, remarked: "Ugh! mighty brave man! Big fighter, much scalp!"—Harper's Young People.

When Roosevelt was ranching, he was unable at first to tackle the

cow-puncher's slang. While driving the first bunch of cattle, a number of them started up a coulee. An experienced foreman would have shouted, "Get a git on you there, and head them steers," or, "Hit the high places and turn 'em." Roosevelt's order, while equally sharp, nearly paralyzed the flying cow-puncher. It has been treasured and told and retold wherever two or more cow-punchers have gathered together. Standing in his stirrups, he opened his steel-trap mouth and yelled, "Hasten quickly forward yonder." The wonder was it didn't stampede the herd.—Chicago Record.

Augustus J. Hare tells a story of Cardinal Wiseman, who went to dinner with some friends. It was Friday, but they had quite forgotten to provide a fast-day dinner. However, he was quite equal to the occasion; for he stretched out his hands in benediction over the table, and said, "I pronounce all this to be fish," and forthwith enjoyed all the good things heartily.

A clergyman, ministering to a Scotch congregation, clothed his argument in favor of miracles by a very apt, though ambiguous, illustration. The other Sunday he was demonstrating that the days of miracles are by no means of necessity things of the past; and, looking around on the congregation, he suddenly clinched his contention with the remark: "Why should God make an ass to speak? He made me speak."

There is evolution in all things, even in slang. The latest in this line was originated by my artist friend, Charles Dobson. It was brought out in this way: Mr. Dobson had occasion to call one of his attendants, who answered in a loud voice, "Yes, sir." "Come, my boy," said the artist, "put a pair of rubbers on your voice."—Boston Journal.

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One day while the late William R. Travers was so-journing at Bermuda, he came down to the wharf to see the arrivals. Meeting an acquaintance, he said, "Ah, Merrill, what brings you down here?" "Oh! just came for a little change and rest." "Sorry to discourage you," said Travers; "but I'm afraid you'll go home without either." "How's that?" said Merrill. "Oh," said Travers, "the waiters will get all the change and the landlord will get all the rest."

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A good story was told at an election meeting. An Irishman obtained permission from his employer to attend a wedding. He turned up next day with his arm in a sling, and a black eye. Hello! What is the matter?" said his employer. "Well, you see," said the wedding guest, "we were very merry yesterday; and I saw a fellow strutting about with a swallow-tailed coat and a white waist-coat. 'And who might you be?' said I. 'I'm the best man,' said he; and, begorra, he was, too!'"

This is said to be one of the diversions occasionally indulged in at Kansas City: Solemn-faced Man (with newspaper): "Well, I see there was a singular accident at one of the slaughter-houses out at the stock-yards yesterday. A man who was leaning out of an upper story window let go and dropped sixty feet, and wasn't hurt a particle." Eager Listener: "How did that happen?" Solemn-faced Man: "They were pig's feet."

"Say, you," cried the victim in the crowded trolley car, glaring up at the transgressor, "my feet are not made to stand on." "That's so," replied the other, pleasantly. "You don't need them for that while you've got a seat, do you?" —Philadelphia Press.

Grump: "Do you call this steak fit for a Christian to eat?" Waiter: "We hain't anxious about de religion of our customers, boss." —Selected.

A teacher was giving to her class an exercise in spelling and

said to a curly-haired little boy "spell 'ibex.'" "I-b-e-x." "Correct. Define it." "An ibex," answered Thomas, after a prolonged mental struggle, "is where you look in the back part of the book when you want to find anything that's printed in the front part of the book."

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